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VON HÜGEL AND TYRRELL

By the same Author

MY WAY OF FAITH

VON HÜGEL AND TYRRELL

The Story of a Friendship

M. D. PETRE

11

PREFACE BY

CANON LILLEY

NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.

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Made in Great Britain
at The Temple Press Letchworth
for
J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.
Aldine House Bedford St. London
First Published 1937

BX4705
.H85 P4



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PREFACE

A VERY few generations ago English theology was almost entirely confessional and controversial, and was apparently content to be so. Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as *an* English theology. There were only English theologies—Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, Wesleyan, and so on. Theology had no natural horizons. It still looked out on the frowning but now fast-crumbling walls which an age of controversy had erected to guard some single presentation of revealed truth against all rival presentations regarded as deadly error. Now all that is changed. The problems which press most urgently for solution in the field of theology are the same for all serious workers in that field, whatever their confessional attachments. All feel themselves pledged to a common task and work together for its accomplishment in a growing consciousness of mutual dependence. There is at least a wide outer ring of theological questions in the treatment of which no theologian of any communion can any longer afford, as he is no longer content, to neglect the aid of those whom he has come to recognize gratefully as his fellow-workers in other communions. Even controversial theology has largely changed its character and is

becoming more and more the costing effort to understand the real substance of confessional differences and less and less a facile condemnation of them as dangerous error.

Changes of this kind are seldom consciously prepared, or even consciously realized by those whom they affect until they have neared the stage of completion. And then it is often some influence from outside that precipitates the discovery. English theology as the conscious co-operation of theologians using the English language in a common task was thus suddenly stirred into an astonished recognition of its new character in the first decade of this century. The chords of a richer theological harmony, for which all had been ineffectually fumbling on their separate instruments, were suddenly heard with a delighted wonder and surprise. Two master-hands had struck the keys, and all listened for a moment in hushed, receptive silence. It is impossible otherwise to describe the impression made throughout the whole field of English theology when for the first time, from across the frontier which it had hitherto regarded as definitely closed against it, came the large clear religious utterance of George Tyrrell and Friedrich von Hügel. Here were minds through which the theological horizon was indefinitely enlarged. Theirs was a theology which carefully included, but included only to transcend, existing confessional differences. The Catholicism which was the

foundation and support of their own religious life, the Catholicism of the Roman Church, had indeed, they believed, in its traditional theology provided both for the inclusion and the transcendence. For them the sectarian note in Catholicism was a betrayal of its deepest instincts and of the classical moments of their expression, a betrayal which must be steadfastly exposed and resisted. Religion was, in one of von Hügel's favourite phrases, the 'deepest kind of life,' reflecting the complexities and conflicts inherent in every phase of our human living. And the only theology which could be adequate to such a conception of religion was one which would first of all take careful and conscientious account of the complexities and conflicts involved, and only then proceed to a reconciliation of them which could never hope to be for the intellect completely satisfying. Faith still remained a venture of the total human spirit, every requirement and incident of which such a theology would record with a jealously faithful and loving insistence, but could never hope to enclose in an intellectually coercive system. It was a conception both of religion and of theology which made irresistible appeal to the characteristically English type of mind and its habitual outlook upon things of the spirit. Its influence upon English religious thinking was immediate and universal. It crystallized what had been hitherto but dispersed and fragmentary intuitions. And it persuaded

theologians of different confessional groups of their essential kinship alike in the possession and in the quest of religious truth. These two strangers came among them, treating them all alike as in possession of the same implicit faith as themselves and seeking to explicitate it in more or less the same manner as themselves.

But the methods and opportunities of these two unconscious, but very real, apostolates were not quite the same. Von Hügel's action was the more personal and direct, its sphere more self-chosen. Before the publication of his *Mystical Element of Religion*, his influence was exerted either through letters, personal talks, or small group discussions. Of the abundance and generosity of his self-giving through his letters the reading world has long since become aware in the various selections from them published since his death. Owing to his deafness his talks were mainly monologues. But what monologues! They seemed to have divined beforehand, and now to have the one purpose of satisfying, *your* special need of the moment, a need of which perhaps you had never been fully aware until that moment, but which under the spell of that eager abundance of exposition had become for the moment your whole and sole self. In that high debate the talker seemed to exist for the sake of the listener, and the latter knew, or he was not worthy to be there, that it was his momentous hour. The encyclopaedic knowledge, the rich

profound stores of wisdom, were being outpoured for his sake. He was being guided, sustained, invigorated in and by that great flood of speech. But perhaps it was in the group discussion, especially in the meetings of the London Society for the Study of Religion which he founded, that von Hügel's influence became at once most massive and most genial. For there he was also the listener—the eager, patient, sympathetic listener. The paper which opened the discussion had been sent to him beforehand so that he might ponder every phrase. Then with his electric box he passed from speaker to speaker, exhausting himself (one could see) in the effort to hear until the wry smile of accepted defeat announced that for the moment it had been in vain, but always returning hopefully to the great endeavour. But the moment for which he had waited came with the baron's judgment upon all this, his *triage* of the confused mass of opinion which had accumulated, of the conflicting or complementary points of view which had found expression. The disciplined impetuosity of his judgment descended upon the formless heap, selecting this as pure and really nourishing grain, rejecting that as the thin, impoverished husk of thought. 'Ah! that was so fine, I thought.' 'No, no, this won't do at all.' And then, in a carefully numbered series of propositions, was gathered up for us all that was permanently significant for the matter in hand, all that must not,

dared not, be lost sight of in any hope of coming to a just conclusion upon it. No oracular utterance, no pontifical decision, but the firm, clear guidance of fellow-adventurers upon the ocean of truth by the captain who had spent a lifetime voyaging hither and thither upon it. He influenced by radiation, and it was, I think, men of other communions than his own who felt that radiation in its purest form and yielded most readily to its penetrative action.

Tyrrell's opportunities were different, as was his mode of action. First of all, he was a born writer, one of those really great masters of language, for whom thought seems to arise out of the underground depths of musing, like Aphrodite from the waves, in perfect and accomplished beauty of form. Among friends, but especially with a single friend, he was a brilliant though never an abundant talker. His speech was a lightning flash cutting through the brooding darkness, coruscating, illuminating for a moment vast horizons, and as suddenly ceasing to be. The rumble that followed was your own uneasy movement of thought ponderously awaiting the next flash. But the brilliant talker was really a silent man. He lived most vividly, most satisfyingly, in meditation; and out of that prolonged meditation upon the deepest things of the spirit were formed those pearls of spiritual wisdom which he afterwards strung upon a thread of purest gold. So long as men delight in beautiful and

sensitive English speech, and so long as they can recognize skilled guidance in probing the deepest mysteries of their own being, will the writings of George Tyrrell be read with something of the wonder and delight with which they were hailed in the first years of this century, and certainly not least enthusiastically by men of other communions than his own. As a member of a religious order he had not the same opportunities of immediate personal contact with non-Catholics which easily and naturally presented themselves to a Catholic layman like von Hügel. And even after quitting his Order he did not go out of his road to seek such opportunities, though of course he never thought of refusing them where they came in his way. He did indeed rather shrink from making contact with Anglo-Catholics, whose interest in his own communion seemed to him unduly concerned with things he thought unimportant and even trivial. How often he used to say to me: 'Please send us no more of your Gothic and Gregorian converts.' He did not, alas! live to know how much he had influenced and would continue to influence the younger members of the Anglo-Catholic group, to correct throughout the whole movement the tendencies which he disliked and deplored, and to prepare many among them for taking an important, even leading, part in creating that inter-confessional English theology of which I have spoken. Without him the

leading Anglo-Catholic theologians of to-day would not have been what they are, nor would they have accomplished the something more than they consciously aimed at which is at once the test and the seal of all fine human achievement.

I have spoken of just such an achievement of the two men whose correspondence over a critical period of the lives of both is the substance of this book. That achievement was a by-product, perhaps only one of the by-products, of their immense and fruitful activity. I record it as an act of commemorative gratitude for the close and affectionate friendship which they both bestowed upon me unworthy, and at the request of one whose friendship first came to me through them and has now so long survived them. Of them I think we both would say that 'of all those of their time whom we have known they were the best and wisest and most righteous men.'

A. L. LILLEY.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The letters from Baron von Hügel
are printed by kind permission of
the late Professor Edmund Gardner's
literary executor.

CHAPTER I

WHY ?

IT is difficult for one who has lived through a period of crisis—whether of intellectual, or moral, or religious character—to realize that, after a certain space of time, every one is not familiar with the main history of such crisis. And this is the more difficult to believe when one is conscious of the living and actual consequences of that same crisis, while its origin and cause are forgotten even by those whose life and thought would now be different had the events thereof never occurred.

I am referring to the religious movement of the beginning of our century which has been termed Modernism; a movement whose living effects are still perceptible to those who were its early spectators, but whose history is now unknown to a large number.

And thus I preface what is to follow by a very few words of explanation.¹

Modernism, in the Roman Catholic Church, was a movement, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, amongst certain members

¹ I have spoken more fully in *My Way of Faith*.

thereof, in favour of a fuller recognition, on the part of the Church, of the social, historical, and scientific demands of the modern mind. In the course of their attempts some incurred the condemnation of authority—some submitted, some resisted—some remained faithful to the Church, some abandoned her altogether. Certain drastic condemnations followed on the part of authority, and the movement lost all definite character, as indeed, even without direct opposition, every movement must eventually do.

The word Modernism itself may, or may not, be regarded as an apt term for the description of the movement in question, but the term Modernist was, from the very first, inaccurate and misleading. And this for the simple reason that it has a sectarian flavour, while sectarianism is the very opposite of movement.

And now I am going to speak of two men whose lives were brought together during the course of that movement; who walked side by side for a time, and who never wholly separated, but whose reactions under the strokes of authority were bound to differ as did their respective characters and traditions. But let there be no mistake as to the fundamental aim of both, which was the spiritual welfare of mankind through the instrumentality of the Catholic Church. And along with the one great likeness came the great difference between the grave, cautious German and the generous but

incautious Irishman; between the mind of system and the mind of intuition; between virtue and heroism.

My part in this work is merely to provide the connecting thread between the phases of this friendship, and to stand by while each one speaks for himself and in his own way.

After Father Tyrrell's death I was anxious to publish the correspondence, on both sides, that had passed between him and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. The baron consulted Edmund Bishop on the subject; for he had hoped, at one time, that the latter would be his own literary executor. Bishop encouraged the idea, but von Hügel eventually decided against it. For a time I possessed the whole correspondence, the baron having given me Tyrrell's letters, while, as literary executor of Father Tyrrell, I already possessed those of the baron. After von Hügel's refusal I sent him the whole correspondence, saying that I would like to place the responsibility on his shoulders; I had not the legal right to publish his own letters, and I considered that I had not the moral right to publish those of Tyrrell, since I should not have seen them unless he had given them to me. I kept copies, and after von Hügel's death I recovered the original correspondence, which I have now placed in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, where it is open to the investigation of all. Very few letters are missing from

this voluminous correspondence—one or two were, I think, lost or suppressed, but the bulk is intact.

Hence I feel that there can no longer be any indiscretion in the use of these documents, and in a letter I received from Bernard Holland, at the time when he was preparing the volume of von Hügel's letters in 1925, he wrote (22nd November):

'You confirm what I had suspected, from the care with which the Hügel-Tyrrell correspondence was left arranged, that the baron contemplated as possible its publication some day as a distinct book.'

That possibility has never been fulfilled, but in this volume I have chosen those letters that seemed most suitable to illustrate the relations of the two men, and the outcome of their friendship.

And why am I doing so?

Because, as I may say without boasting, I am the living person who now knows most of those relations, and because I want to leave a true history behind me of a somewhat tragic friendship. For a long time, without saying anything, I have observed a discriminating tendency in the treatment of this subject which might eventually become a positive misrepresentation. There is a persistent temptation in the Catholic world to establish the orthodoxy of one by pointing out the greater unorthodoxy of another. Von Hügel is at last—thank God!—getting some recognition in his own Church, but some of his admirers think to establish this gain more firmly by a denuncia-

tion of Tyrrell, and by representing von Hügel as a kind of heart-broken guardian angel, vainly endeavouring to keep his friend in the straight path.

As I cherish the hope (I am of a hopelessly hopeful temperament) that Tyrrell's spiritual writings will also eventually find recognition in the Church to which (with whatever failings) he remained faithful, I want—not to hit the baron with the stones which some of his friends have aimed at Tyrrell, and which I have picked up, nor to hit any one else, still more unorthodox, in order to defend his orthodoxy—but just to let all judge, from their own words, of the relations of those two men; of the manner in which one influenced, or did not influence, the other; of the respective gain and loss to either of the mutual friendship.

I should smile, if it did not make me feel rather angry, when some of von Hügel's admirers suggest that he was drawn into dangerous positions by Tyrrell. Much as I loved the latter I could never have maintained that he had the strength, the balance, the strong principles of his friend. Even when their friendship had lost, alas! some of its early glamour; when Tyrrell no longer felt able to accept a leadership to which he had at first submitted himself, he never ceased to regard the baron as a greater man than himself; and this was, in many ways, true. Though I, too, had come to be critical of von Hügel in some respects, I had always

an abiding sense of his greatness. I used to say that if I were told that the baron had clean disappeared from life and memory it would sound to me as though I had heard that an Alpine range had disappeared. He was complete in himself and immovable.

‘Complete in himself’—and it was this very completeness that made him, in many ways, an unsatisfactory leader. The best leaders are led, even while they lead; von Hügel had a place for each one in his scheme, and was apt to sacrifice the man to the scheme. He planned his every action, and prepared everything beforehand—were it his hour of religious instruction to his children, or were it a speech at a congress. If he went for a walk, bodily or intellectual, he knew where he was going, how long he would take, and when he would come back. He did nothing without previous consideration and prayer; he was cautious in danger, diplomatic in his dealings with those in power.

His friend was the very reverse, and two more widely different temperaments could not have been brought into such a close relationship. Tyrrell was totally lacking in the sense of self-preservation; he thought too little of himself to consider his own fate of any importance. If he started on any subject of investigation he went straight on, reckless of whither it might lead him. He cared intensely for the spiritual welfare of mankind—it

was the one thing he really cared for—and he believed that the Church possessed the best means available for the advancement of that end. But he was no politician, no party man, and he had no calculated scheme of action.

His meeting with von Hügel marked a totally new phase in his life. In this new friend he found learning much greater than his own, although he had a deeper knowledge of theology and scholastic philosophy. But he was a priest and a religious, whereas his friend enjoyed the greater freedom of a layman. This was a point to which von Hügel never gave sufficient consideration; when he first became acquainted with Tyrrell the latter had, indeed, his troubles, and those troubles might, in any case, have become more acute as time went on. They might, but they might not. In many ways religious life suited a man of Tyrrell's temperament—he loved and was loved—he had a home and a shelter from the outside world. Von Hügel certainly did nothing directly to unsettle him—and, later on, did what he could to restrain him from moving. But later on was late—and he did not realize, at first, what the effect might be of launching Tyrrell into a field of study which was not, actually, in the latter's province. Of course Tyrrell was bound to know, and to take count of, what was happening in the world of science and history; but he was not bound to adopt certain studies as his own.

This is the point on which I have ever maintained against many—the friends of von Hügel and some friends of Tyrrell—that their friendship was a misfortune to the latter. His solution of the historical problem would have been, had he followed his own line, a spiritual rather than a scientific one. Of this more in a later chapter. But the fundamental problem which both faced, and eventually met in different ways, was that of ecclesiastical authority. And it was here that the difference of character became most manifest.

Both men realized that they were up against the resistance of authority to much that they considered both true and necessary. Both of them recognized the necessity and the sacredness of authority. Both endeavoured to pursue their course without provoking direct intervention. But von Hügel's measures were diplomatic and Tyrrell's were, when he saw no other way, militant. And of this, also, more later on.

But one truth surely emerges from their two-fold attitude and that is that authority is always to be respected, but never to be asked to do the work for which it does not exist. It is preservative and not progressive; disciplinary rather than mystical and spiritual in character.

The question has been raised, and re-raised, as to whether von Hügel was a Modernist. I am quite willing to admit that he was *not*, provided I may add the rider, in accordance with what I

have already said, that there was no such thing as a Modernist. Modernism—yes; Modernist—no! Modernism was a movement, and a movement is not a sect. The differences in beginning, course, and issue of the different movers in this movement are a proof of what I say. An 'ist' implies a definite character, and, in the case of religion, a sectarian one. None of them were sectarian, but as to the movement—well, if von Hügel did not have a part in it, who did?

One more remark and I have done. Tyrrell was a man with an eye for moral as well as intellectual problems; and for that reason I have always regretted his wanderings into the subject of history and criticism. Von Hügel, on the contrary, had a horror of such problems.

And now, in what follows, I shall let the two men speak for themselves, with but few words of my own.

CHAPTER II

FIRST MEETINGS

VON HÜGEL was ever on the watch for kindred minds ; for men or women who shared his religious fervour and his intellectual breadth, his love of religion and truth. He always aimed, not only at bringing such minds into communion with his own, but also at bringing them into relation with one another. He was, in this way, one of the most generous of friends. His keen eye soon caught sight of George Tyrrell, and recognized in him a fellow-worker in the one great cause.

His first letter is dated 20th September 1897. He writes :

‘DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

‘For some time already I have been wanting to give myself the pleasure of writing and thanking you most sincerely for all the furtherance and encouragement that I have so abundantly found, in your *Nova et Vetera*, of ideas and tendencies that have now for long been part and parcel of my life, its aims and combats. I wanted also to find out whether you perhaps could and would come up

here to luncheon some day, at one, and get a walk and talk with me afterwards ?

‘But I have been overworked, and am only quite recently back from a sorely needed, hardly sufficient holiday ; and only just now can I a little foresee my own plans and movements up to 30th October, when we again leave home for six months of Rome.

‘I have just had a letter from my eldest daughter, Gertrude, from Bournemouth, where she is staying with my mother and sister, telling me that you are about to go down there, to Bournemouth, yourself. This news makes me hurry up with my little proposals.

‘I find, then, that I shall be here till at least 12th October, and perhaps till 18th October ; then be in Bournemouth from 12th to 16th October, or 18th to 25th October ; and finally here again till 30th October. Now, I should be so sorry to miss you altogether, but could manage, though less easily, to see you in Bournemouth. I should be glad, however, to see you here,¹ if possible—either before you go to Bournemouth, or after your return.

‘If that would suit you, to-morrow (Tuesday) would do well for me, to 1 o’clock lunch, or 5 o’clock tea, or any time that would suit between these hours. . . .

‘I have had the pleasure of giving away and

¹ Hampstead.

getting friends to buy at least six copies of your *Nova et Vetera* already.

‘Our good friend, Miss (Kitty) Clutton, tells us her brother, the Rev. H. Clutton, is a close friend of yours.

‘My girl is so much looking forward to getting to know you in Bournemouth, or here, after her return: she and I work entirely together.’

The proposed meeting evidently took place and was probably followed by others, in which certain disturbing problems were discussed, and on 10th October 1897, Tyrrell writes to his friend about a forthcoming Letter of the English Catholic bishops.

‘DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

‘You tell me that Wilfrid Ward is waiting for a period of calm before he sets his book afloat. I wonder does he calculate on the troubling of the waters which must ensue from the forthcoming collective “Reply” of our English Bishops to the “Responsio” of the Anglican Archbishops. It is a long-winded document going over the whole controversy inch by inch, but adding no new light so far as I can see. If it were a private letter, like the Pope’s, it would matter little. But as a published reply it will only tend to keep bitter feeling alive. I take for granted that you know of the

project, although it is in some sense a secret. Ward, however, may not know, and a hint from you might be of service to him. I did not care to speak of the matter in the presence of your friend. I wonder what the Duke thinks of it?

‘Ever yours faithfully,
‘G. TYRRELL.’

To this von Hügel replied on 19th October:

‘DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

‘Thank you, most heartily, if somewhat tardily, for your kind gift and most useful note. The news contained in the letter was new to me; I communicated it to Wilfrid Ward, who will like it no better than I do.

‘As to your article on Re-union,¹ I have read it twice over most carefully, and with the most complete agreement, and a delightful and amused admiration of the rare power and finish of your style. I have written enough to know what years of training that must represent.

‘I have several detailed impressions and practical attempts and proposals, connected with your writings, which I should much like to put to you by word of mouth, if you could again favour

¹ See *Month*, 1st July 1897—republished in the collection of *Tracts for the Million*.

me with a visit—on this next Saturday—the last before my leaving (on the 30th).’

But these more general questions were overlaid in part by the emergence of a more personal problem, which was causing von Hügel great anxiety and suffering. He then turned to Father Tyrrell in his priestly character, and asked him to undertake the care of his own child, who had become somewhat unsettled in her faith. Some beautiful letters passed between them on this subject, and as all three have long passed away there seems to be no indiscretion in publishing them. He continues, therefore, in the above letter as follows :

‘I should particularly like to see you, for a reason which had not loomed upon my horizon when I saw you ten days ago. My dear close fellow-worker, my eldest daughter, is ordered by the Doctor, as the only sure and swift cure for her sadly over-wrought state of nerves and imagination, to get a six months’ complete change of environment. She will, therefore, not accompany us abroad ; and I see she much fancies, what I too would much like, that she should come to you, if not for ordinary confession, at least occasionally for sympathy or advice. I have watched and studied her ever since she was born, and her case is in some respects peculiar. I should then be grateful if I could have a good talk with you about

her, and tho' I shall make a point of coming down to you, if you cannot manage to come up here, yet your coming would be in so far better, as it would prevent her thinking I was talking her over, which, in her present somewhat abnormal state of health, she might mind. Before there was any question of her seeing you, I told her I was hoping for a second visit from you, so that your coming up would not give rise to any such surmises.

'Still, if you cannot come, I want to come to you. I could manage Wednesday of next week in the early afternoon, or even (more difficult) in the morning of that day, or even on this Saturday, but this would be difficult, as a friend will be staying with me.

'If you can come on Saturday, I shall also be able to introduce you to Mr W. J. Williams, so shy and sensitive, thoughtful and original, and one of the five Catholic members of the "Synthetic Society." You would do him good.

'Yours, dear Father Tyrrell,

'With warm sympathy and gratitude,

'F. VON HÜGEL.'

On 6th December 1897 Tyrrell writes to Gertrude's father:

'DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

'I had a second visit from your daughter on

getting friends to buy at least six copies of your *Nova et Vetera* already.

‘Our good friend, Miss (Kitty) Clutton, tells us her brother, the Rev. H. Clutton, is a close friend of yours.

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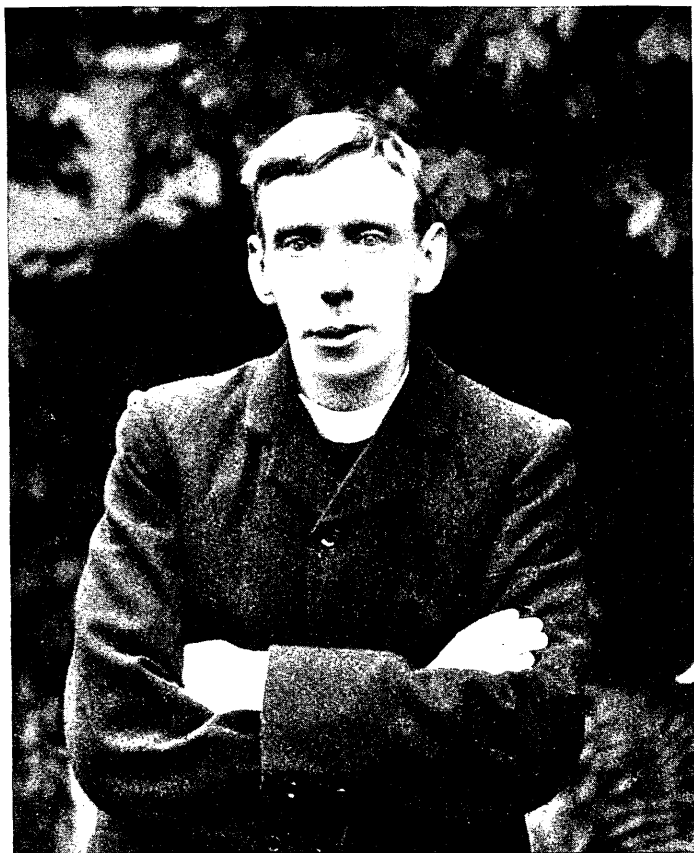
'I had a second visit from your daughter on

Saturday, and so I think I had better write and say what I think, so far as I may do so without any breach of confidence; and with all the diffidence which so slight an experience demands. She spoke to me very freely and with perfect simplicity about her mind; which is no doubt at present in a state of complete muddle about many things; and I fancy she was a little needlessly frightened through not clearly apprehending the difference between difficulties and doubts; or between obscurities and negations. I think I reassured her on this point and also got her to see that her mind is at present hopelessly overwrought, and incapable of clearness, and that in the very interests of truth she should rest completely from all questionings at present; and let the philosophic faculty lie fallow and recover its tone and energy. Yesterday she seemed to be much brighter and fresher; but as she brought a friend with her I could not question her more in detail. I feel sure you will let me say that, in your enthusiasm and intensity with regard to all that concerns the Catholic faith and the cause of truth, and in the natural desire you have to make your daughter a sharer of all your views and hopes, your very affection seems to blind you to the fact that after all your Gertrude is years and years younger than you are, and that the fibre of even the best mind at twenty is feeble compared



GEORGE TYRRELL

with that of an equally good mind at forty-five. Besides which, the receptivity of a mind depends largely on the amount of knowledge already acquired and the extent to which it has sunk into the soil and been woven into the texture of the understanding; and here again the inequality between you must always be enormous. But on both sides affection resents this inequality, and she wants to be, and you want her to be, in complete mental communion with you. In a word, you neglect St Paul's caution against giving to babes the solid food of adults. The result is indigestion. Things that your formed mind can easily swallow, without any prejudice to simple faith, may really cause much uneasiness in a mind less prepared. We must give minds time to grow and feed them suitably to their age. Had I known twenty years ago things that I know now I could not have borne with them. If you want your daughter's company you must shorten your steps and walk slowly, else she will lose her breath in her desire to keep up with you. Besides, apart from more serious consequences, I suppose all that interferes with perfect liberty and leisure in the formation of our opinions is an intellectual misfortune, and I think her affection for you may possibly exert some such bias, inclining her to force her mind into premature agreement with yours.



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‘I am also inclined to believe that her mind troubles are at the root of her ill-health, and her other unevennesses of temper which you spoke of to me. For she does not speculate coldly, but with great intensity of emotion; nor has she yet that experience which teaches one to be patient over a difficulty, and lay it aside in the certain hope that it will vanish as our mind grows; but she rather inclines to persevere in trying to cope with problems quite above her present powers. This is what wears the brain tissues and disorders the whole nervous system—not study, nor thought, but worry.

‘I am sending you a reprint of an old article of mine which will at least acquit me of all sympathy with a belief in the intellectual inferiority of woman; nor have I said anything here that would not be equally true were it a question of a son rather than a daughter.

‘Indeed what have I enunciated but solemn truisms? yet I think affection and enthusiasm often blind us to truisms, or make us refuse to apply them to those we love.

‘I feel sure that if both she and you recognize clearly the danger in question it will cease to exist, *ipso facto*; and that whatever little hurt may have been done will be undone. In all this I hope I have said nothing that she or you would object to my saying; though it is only the kind confi-

dence you have placed in me that can justify me from the charge of intrusiveness.'

One or two letters are missing in this place, but on 11th January 1898 Tyrrell writes again:

'DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

'I saw Baroness Gertrud to-day, and I found her already much better in body and mind. I am much relieved to find that you are able to take this little disappointment so wisely and calmly; and that you were already in some sense prepared for it by premonitory suspicions. We must leave her now to come to truth in her own way, or rather God's way; and at most prepare God's way by removing all causes of perturbation and bitterness. I hope that your nervous ailment will not be aggravated by any groundless anxiety or, still worse, self-reproach in the matter. God has often to undo all our work for Him, and build it up again in His own way. I don't expect any very immediate return to the old position; indeed I would distrust it were it very sudden, as she is rather liable to the domination of strong emotions and sentiments, and has been living some time on these, rather than on any firm faith or conviction.

'Just for the present I have asked her to see me or to write to me every fortnight or so, as, of course, there is a danger in departing from one's

old moorings, of drifting aimlessly and not fixing oneself at once in some definite spot. She must bring the unravelling process to a definite stop, else nothing will be left. Also there is a little danger of seeking relief from past tension in some sort of dissipation; and perhaps thus losing hold of moral principles to some extent. . . .

'Now that you know all, I am sure that you will be the best physician for her; if she had only told you from the first there might have been no such crisis. But she feared paining you, or perhaps losing some little jot of your esteem. I need not say how deeply I feel for your nervous sufferings and how I wish this additional sorrow could have been spared you.

*'Ever yours very faithfully,
G. T.'*

On 26th January, von Hügel writes the following touching letter from Rome:

'DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

'I know you will not have interpreted my renewed silence as in any way a want of agreement with, or of gratitude for, your second letter, as wise and helpful as both its predecessors. But, besides having much to do, and still but little health or heart to do it with, I wanted to get, if possible, some fresh facts or ideas to put to you,

in this matter, which, you will readily understand is constantly at least at the back of my mind, and which grows, in some ways, worse, not, please God, in itself, but in my mind. I see so increasingly plainly the triple fault and undermining character of my influence, the dwelling so constantly and freely on the detailed humanities in the Church; the drawing out and giving full edge to religious difficulties; the making too much of little intellectual and temperamental differences between myself and most Catholics, near relations included, so as to seriously weaken such influence as they might otherwise have had—Not but that all this was certainly unintended, unforeseen: the grief and lasting keenness of the pain is, thank God, a sufficient proof of that; but, if only I had looked out against the selfishness of leaning on one whom I ought to have propped still for many a day! I have dropped my own child, my first-born, whom God gave me to carry and to guard. I venture to come out with a little of what I am feeling in the matter, if only for this reason, that, whilst I do not feel it would be wise directly to say much more to G. about my grief and self-reproach, yet, it may be well that you should clearly know my frame of mind in the matter, as she might possibly take my, thank God, quite unforced, gentleness with her, and entirely undiminished love for her,

as somehow indicating no very deep distress at her loss of light. I have for years felt in general and in several particular cases, and now feel more than ever in this case, how entirely a sense of *culpability* and a sense of loss, misfortune and danger are distinct: I feel no inclinations to the first, yet the entire absence of the first, leaves quite undimmed and unblunted the keen consciousness of the second. What I think gives this keen edge to my feeling, is the anxiety and sort of dull dim consciousness that, for the moment, she has lost, not simply faith in the Church, and even the fundamental Christian dogma, but (which is surely a further and a still graver matter) true creatureliness of mind. And yet, as soon as I put this to myself, I have a joyful uncertainty after all, as to whether her mind has *set* on this point. I wrote to her two days ago, and told her how this moral, humble, creaturely attitude towards God, one's own ideals; one's own achievements compared with those ideals; one's own achievements compared with others' achievements—the consciousness of incompleteness and of failure, of one's life being unlivable without its being lived co-operatively between the soul and God—how I found this in several friends who are no Catholics, no historic Christians of any kind; and that, as long as she can keep, and by daily practice and

prayer ever regain this spirit, I can wait so far happily, quite indefinitely, as I should feel that she keeps in her the germ of full life, and is still living, in her degree, the one true life, and is still moving in the one true direction. I am clear that what I have said to her is very true and most consoling; there is, for instance, my good friend Professor Eucken of Jena (how I wish you read German, so as to read him)—how deeply creaturely his tone is; in moral disposition and view of life he is a Christian, though clearly stating and illustrating his non-acceptance of all dogma. I find it very hard to believe that even now, I mean before any reaction can be looked for, she has lost all such creatureliness, though imitation, and what not, may for the moment obscure it. I know that Abbé Huvelin (I have written to him now, but have not yet heard) used to say that many might think G.'s troubles came from simple pride; but that he found her very simple and often sweetly humble. If God preserves her that, even though hidden to herself and others, her face is turned in the right direction. I take it though that the spirit I mean cannot but suffer, for a while at least, under such a change, even though such a change need not have been preceded by the complete loss of that spirit; for I note with sadness that she seems turned, for the moment, away from moralism

and spirituality, however general, however vague, to intellectualism, or even simple aestheticism. But that does not accord with her apparently unweakened simplicity; love of her little sister; attraction, still apparently, for such a tone as Père Grou's. Indeed, I am much struck at how quite recently still she was consulting me as to how and what books of his to get friends to read and work into their lives: this love of this childlike, creaturely spirit of Grou's which I feel to be the *fine fleur* of Christianity and of the Church.

'You will, I know, have at once clipped an additional pain to the situation. It is this. As you know well by now, no doubt, I just simply live for my work, and that work requires as a *sine qua non* of, I will not say, success, but even of existence, a reputation for substantial orthodoxy, and even for prudence, sufficient to stand a good deal of strain. For both philosophically, biblically, Anglicanly, I have alarmed, wounded, angered many both on the side of their goodness and on that of their passions. Now, it is clear how all but inevitably G.'s case, especially as it must appear to those who hear her on such matters, would affect my little reputation. At the least, prudence would be deemed recklessly wanting in this crucial, unique case, therefore, *a fortiori*, in all other cases; and it would not be difficult, without

bad faith, to go further, and to take her as but speaking out, acting out, the unadmitted or undeveloped premisses or conclusions of my mind. I can but hope that she may now soon drop that fret and fierceness; and hence that only those, who look closely or live long with her, need notice much; for I shrink from putting it to her to be cautious in her talk for my sake. . . .’

Tyrrell answered this letter on 16th February 1898:

‘DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

‘I was sorry to gather from your last letter that you were fretting about Gertrud; and by fretting I mean chafing over mistakes made in the past in all good faith, such as the wisest and best of us must often make; which no amount of fretting will remedy, but only quiet trust in God who turns our blunders to greater eventual gain than our skill could ever effect. It was your anxiety to secure a clear-sighted faith, that would fear no facts, and need no blinding, that would not be scandalized to find Heavenly treasure in earthen vessels, and men rather than angels the ministers of the Gospel, it was your desire to secure this for her that led you, as you say, to emphasize the human side of the Church too exclusively and to forget that the other side, which was so apparent to your mind, had not yet seized hold of the

younger mind with strength enough to make the former but as a cloud which passes before the sun.

‘I dare say the same thing may have to some extent impeded your good work in other quarters by gaining you a distrust with many whose orthodoxy needs to be perfected by a husk of narrowness; and who do not know you well enough to understand that it is just because your faith is so much stronger than theirs that you can afford to make so many concessions, to allow the existence of so many adverse facts and difficulties. A man who stands on firm ground can enjoy a freedom of movement impossible on a tight-rope. Still I believe he may very easily slip into *scandalum pusillorum*, by becoming intolerant of intolerance, and narrow about narrowness, forgetting that thought, i.e. really independent thought, is trusted by God to the few for the sake of the many; not *in destructionem* but *in aedificationem*. Meat offered to idols is as good as any other, but *non manducabo carnem in aeternum ne fratrem scandalizem*. Of course, in our days we have also to guard against the scandal of the intelligent and cultured, so that we need discretion on every side: and are bound to fail often.

‘I have seen G. since and I think there are even now some symptoms of a reaction. She confesses very frankly that she can assign no definite intellectual basis for her negation, but simply experi-

ences a total alienation of affection, amounting, in certain paroxysms, to violent aversion. She is also fairly persuaded that this is largely a matter of nervous disorder, and that the disease may be cured as non-rationally as it was incurred. Her great danger now would be unprayerfulness or throwing herself into gaiety and dissipation for relief, and thus acquiring a taste for worldliness. This would destroy her appetite for God, which is the only root of recovery. If she could keep quiet and prayerful, leave discussion alone, and break herself of her craving for sensation and mental excitement, she would soon mend.

‘Now that you know all, I think the sooner she is back with you the better. I find she is now beginning to see for herself the unwisdom of having reposed confidence in so many friends as to her state; and that both for your sake and for her own she will probably be more discreet in the future. She is one who can be guided only by making her see for herself, and this will only become possible in proportion as her mind grows tranquil and dispassionate. So we must wait patiently on God’s good pleasure.

‘Ever, dear Baron von Hügel,

‘With all sympathy and affection,

Yours faithfully,

G. T.

Along with this correspondence there was a flowing interchange of views on the rising religious problems of the day. Von Hügel, with his constant desire to share knowledge and thought with any sympathetic mind, was not likely to leave a friend outside his own intellectual preoccupations. Tyrrell was still untouched by blame or suspicion in the Catholic world; he was becoming known for his writings, his sermons, and his spiritual influence. At an earlier date Cardinal Vaughan had endeavoured to bring Professor St George Mivart under his influence, after certain articles by the former had occasioned scandal.¹

And so, in this first phase of their long friendship, we find von Hügel the more independent mind of the two, with a layman's freedom and opportunities; while Tyrrell is a priest and a member of a great religious order, with all its duties and obligations.

¹ In the *Nineteenth Century* of December 1892, and February and April 1893.

CHAPTER III

DISCUSSIONS ON MYSTICISM

IN the years 1897–8 von Hügel was already engaged with the preliminaries of his great work *The Mystical Element of Religion*, a work with which Tyrrell was to be a good deal concerned, both at this early stage and much later on. It is not generally known how much labour he contributed to its final form—of that I will speak again—but in the following letters von Hügel submits certain difficulties which arose in his mind, during his first conception of the subject that was to fill a great part of his life.

He writes from Hampstead on 26th September 1898:¹

‘MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

‘In the midst of the pangs of literary production I venture to trouble you with a few, I fear, very selfish lines.

.

‘The point I venture to put on paper to you is this. I do not want to introduce it (however diplomatically) if you have any misgivings as to

¹ This letter was published among the *Selected Letters*.

its soundness; but I must say it has come home to me more and more, the more I have studied the mystical saints and writers, and the more I have come to find food and light on one side of their teaching as, e.g. St Catherine of Genoa, and, still more, St John of the Cross.

‘My point is this, and it will be a kind of charity if you forgive my drawing it out thus on paper to you, before (perhaps) at least implying it in public (I could and, of course, gladly would show you the thing when in its proposed final form, but I want first of all to be quite clear as to my own point, and its legitimacy to and for myself: I must know it, as I think I do already, to be true, before I cast about how to put it fruitfully to others).

‘Well then it seems to me that the Mystics, I am of course, thinking of the ecclesiastically approved ones, and the whole mystical element in the teaching of all saints (I say “teaching” deliberately, for I think their *practice* generally comes round to what I would like to see modified in our present-day theory of the matter), are profoundly right on the following points:

‘(1) God, our own souls, all the supreme realities and truths, supremely deserving and claiming our assent and practice are both *incomprehensible* and *indefinitely apprehensible*, and the

constant vivid realization of these two qualities, insuperably inherent to all our knowledge and practice of them, is of primary and equal importance for us.

‘(2) This indefinite apprehensibleness becomes an actual ever increasing apprehension, more through the purification of the heart than through the exercise of the reason, and without some experience (following no doubt upon some light) the reason has no adequate material for effective conclusions.

‘(3) The primary function of religion is not the consoling of the natural man as it finds him, but the purification of this man by effecting an ever-growing cleavage and contrast between his bad false self, and the false, blind self-love that clings to that self, and his good, true self, and the true enlightened self-love that clings to the true self; and the deepest, generally confused and dumb aspirations of every human heart correspond exactly to, and come from precisely the same source, as the external helps and examples of miracle, Church or Saint. The true exceptional is thus never the queer, but the supremely normal, and but embodies, in an exceptional degree, the deepest, and hence exceptional longings of us all.

‘(4) This purification must take place by man voluntarily plunging into some purifying bath

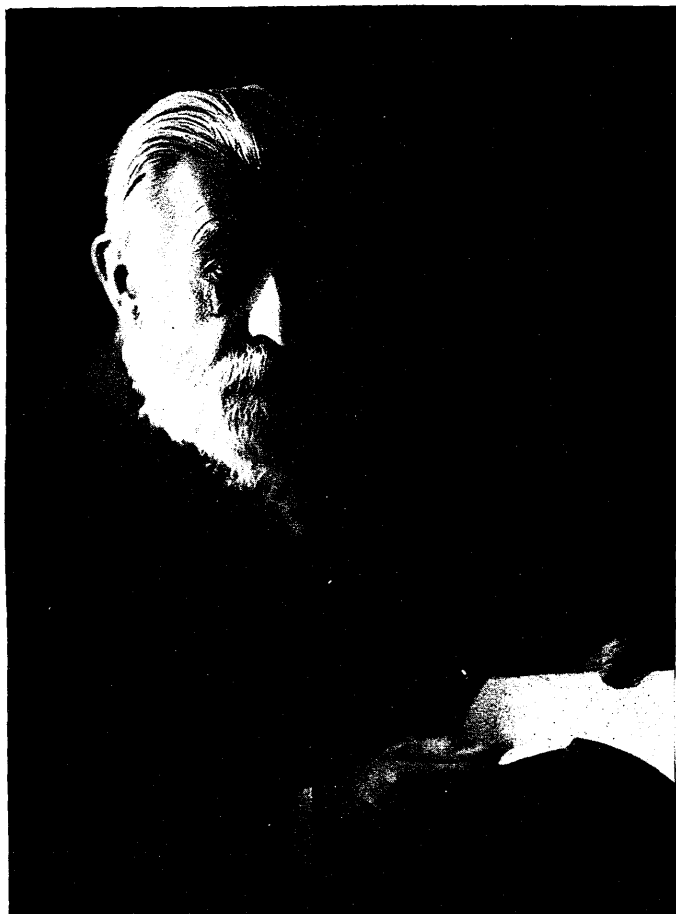
or medium of a kind necessarily painful to the false, surface, immediate, animal man, and necessarily purifying (where willed and accepted) to the true, inner, remoter, spiritual self.

‘And now I have reached the points where I would part company with them.

‘(5) They teach, as far as possible (their practice is generally fuller and about all I want) that the soul gains this purification by turning away from the particular, by abstraction, and absorption more and more in the general, as leading away from the particularity of the creature to the simplicity of the Creator. There seems, I think there actually *is*, no logical place in this theory for science, at least experimental, observing science; and the motives for (ever costing) reform in and of this visible world are weakened or destroyed.

‘I would like the teaching to run thus:

‘(5) (a) As the body can live only by inhalation and exhalation, nutrition and evacuation, etc.; and as the mind can only flourish by looking out for sensible material and then elaborating and spiritualizing it: so the soul can live, to be fully normal in normal circumstances, only by a double process: occupation with the concrete and then abstraction from it, and this—alternately on and on. If it has not the former it



BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

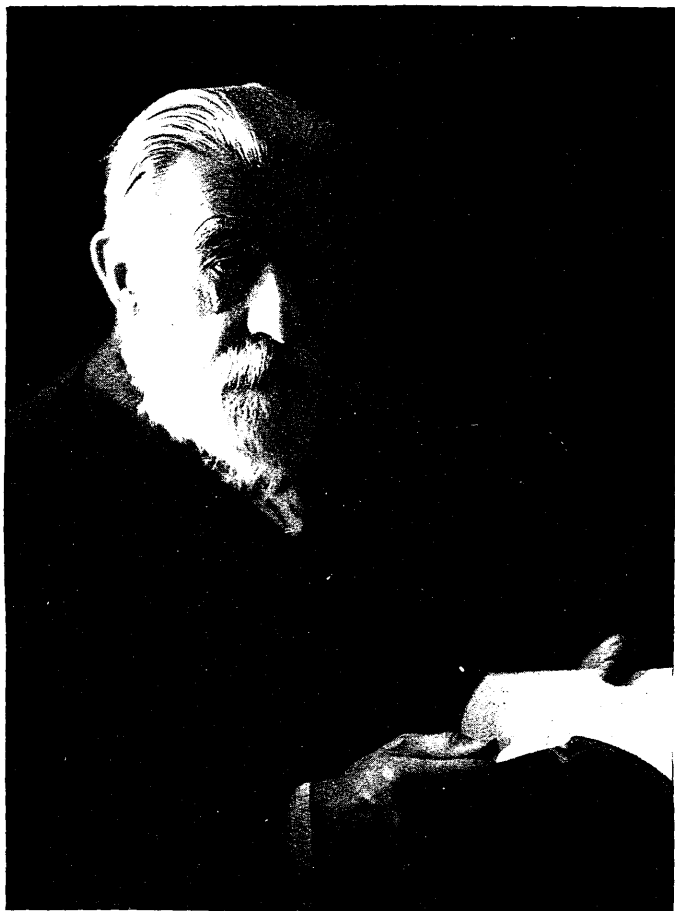
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BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

will grow empty and hazy, if it has not the latter, it will grow earthly and heavy.

‘(b) Humanity at large is under *the strict obligation* (this not simply because of the necessities of life, but *because of its spiritual perfection*) to practise *both these activities*; but at different periods excesses among the many of one or other of these activities, justify and require counter-balancing, rectifying excesses of the opposite kind. And as the many will necessarily only exceed in the concrete direction, the compensating activity of the few will be in the abstracting direction. Still, the most difficult, and yet most complete and most fruitful condition, and therefore the ideal, would be the plunging into the concrete and coming back enriched to the abstract; and then returning, purified and simplified, from the abstract, to transform and elevate the concrete.

‘(c) The occupation with the concrete (I am primarily thinking of experimental science, critical scholarship, etc.) has profoundly changed or deepened its character, in proportion as the idea of law, of certain conditions inexorably inherent to each observing mind and all observed matter, has become the necessary key to all work. Nature, history, all subjects of research first of all, now, present us with laws, with things; and neither the clamours of the petty self in front

of them, nor, at first sight, the intimations of the Divine Person behind and above them, find here an echo or a place. Nothing breaks the purifying power of the thing, and its apparent fatefulness; the apparent determinism of the phenomena and the mentally and emotionally costing character of their investigation. I think the God of all phenomena, as of all reality, has now given us in these concrete occupations a purifying medium, which as many will and ought to use as have, in the past, striven to use the medium of abstraction alone.

‘(d) The recollecting of the soul, and its turning back to its own central necessities and dependence upon God, would, of course, remain exactly as they were, and as absolutely necessary: only the running away from, or minimizing, or illogical tacking on of an occupation with the world around would cease: such occupation would on the contrary have *its normal necessary place in the very theory of spirituality*: and every man would be taught in Retreats, etc., that he must *study or work* at something definite and concrete, not simply to escape the dangers of idleness or to take off the strain of direct spirituality, but because, without them, he will, as we now know and see things, neglect one of the two twin means of growing lowly and pure,

and of removing himself from the centre of his (otherwise little) world.

‘It would be easy, I think, to show how, even still in St Catherine’s day, Science, represented by such fantastic anthropocentric conceptions as those of Paracelsus, and Scholarship, represented by such pretentious omniscience as that of Pico della Mirandola, could not as yet be the ready formed purification I think they both can now be easily turned to. But inasmuch as there was an inherent repugnance to all that is particular and concrete, one would have, I think, however carefully and respectfully, to admit that this was, and is, a confusion or theoretical misconception: for Blondel is surely right at least where he says that the true Absolute and Universal springs for us from the true Concrete and Particular: God, I like to think with Lotze, is the supremely concrete, supremely individual and particular; and the mental and practical occupation with the particular must ever remain an integral part of my way to Him. And this squares so grandly with the whole sacramental doctrine and practice of the Church. One gets otherwise into a Neo-Platonic depersonalizing of the soul.

‘You will please forgive me: it has profited me even if you cannot answer much or anything.

‘Yours ever, most gratefully and sincerely,

‘F. von H.’

To this Tyrrell replied, 28th September 1898:¹

‘MY DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

‘I am glad to see your intellect is at work again, and though for some reasons I should gladly have deferred answering your most interesting letter till I could have given it deeper thought, yet I had better not keep you waiting. Oddly enough I have quite lately been engaged on a similar study suggested by W. Pater’s *Plato and Platonism*, wherein he confounds the *Ens abstractissimum* of Neo-platonic contemplation, and the *Ens determinatissimum*, or as you would say *concretissimum*, of the Christian mystic; in other words he understands by “pure being” the last residue of an analysis and abstraction; the barrenest of all ideas because the most general; almost identical with “pure nothingness,” “a crystal ball suspended *in vacuo*.” In this sense “Pure Being” is incomprehensible for its very emptiness. But as said of God it is the result of synthesis not of analysis; and is incomprehensible for its very fullness. The former ghost of a concept causes a rest of hypnotic slumber in the mind, just as does gazing on a speck or bright point—where the object’s emptiness of all interest drives the mind in upon itself. The latter concept, by its fullness of interest, draws the mind wholly out

¹ This letter also was published in a selection of Father Tyrrell’s letters.

of itself in what is properly *ec-stasis*; the other being simply *stasis*, stupefaction.

‘Yet, just because of the semblance between extreme contraries, these concepts are so analogous in many ways that Plato at times slips into the “Fullness of Being,” as in the *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*; while many Christian mystics slip into the “*Emptiness* or *minimum* of *Being*” in their attempted exposition of their theology and mysticism. This is not quite your point, but it is close to it. I wish very much that you would do more than hint, that you would clearly bring out the fact that, unlike dogma and morals, but like ascetic theology, mystic theology has escaped ecclesiastical supervision to a large extent, touching as it does the interests of a very few; that it has never (fortunately, I think) been scientifically systematized and provided with definite terminology; that in some sense each exponent of it begins *ab ovo* and expresses the truths in his own way; that consequently it is not wonderful if in so subtle and metaphysical a point as the conception of Pure Being, or the nature of abstraction, or in the analysis of ecstasy; in matters where a hair’s-breadth divides the North Pole from the South, certain inaccuracies of analysis should be found. Plainly we are to interpret the ambiguity of the mystic’s theory by his practice, which as you

admit is satisfactory enough. Heaven and earth are not more asunder than Oriental and Christian mysticism; the one looking to nonentity as the *Summum Bonum*, the other to the Fullness of infinite existence; the one pessimistic, the other eventually optimist, or "bonist" as they say nowadays. I quite agree with you that our mystics are often poor analysts of their process; like all good artists, they are clumsy art-critics.

'All in which you agree with the Christian mystics is evidently the outcome of the true and "concrete" conception of the Divine personality; who is apprehended (*as every personality is apprehended*) rather by a certain *sense* or *gustus*, than by any reasoning process; and the sensitiveness of this sense (which I take it is simply our whole moral and spiritual being regarded as attracting and attracted by its like, as repelling and repelled by its unlike, depends on the purification of the heart and affections whereby they are brought into sympathy with God; and this again, is the chief end of life and experience and education of every kind. And as the heart is capable of indefinite purification, so God is indefinitely apprehensible, always infinitely exceeding the greatest apprehension of even the purest heart.

'Whenever mystics seem to say that the concept of God is reached by *mere* generalization and

abstraction, rather than by synthesis, they are undoubtedly out of harmony with themselves. As long as we see God *in via*, in an idea or image formed in our own mind, and not in his very substance, that idea will in a *loose* sense be abstract but is certainly not a personification of the notion of *being in general*. I take it that when I know a man solely from his works (and indeed how else do I know any man?) my idea of him, of his self and personality is not the sum of my ideas of his works, nor yet a personification of the most empty idea under which all those works can be classed; but a most concrete idea of him as the *simple* source of all that is good and intelligent in his works.

‘This being so, it seems to me a thing beyond any question that the study of nature and art, of science and history, of all that can open the mind and give it more matter to put into its conception of God, is an essential condition of spiritual development. Also that life and love and work, as being no less conditions for developing the soul and making it more universally sympathetic with every kind of goodness and fragmentary divinity, increase its power of apprehending more and more what God is, of whom all other good is a manifestation; and of filling in and making richer that simple thought of God, the absolute Perfection.

This doctrine of work as a clearer of the eye, as a purification of the heart, is nobly taught by Carlyle and in some measure by Ruskin; each regarding it as developing the power of true insight. Nor can I doubt that experimental science and criticism act still more efficiently in the same direction. Certainly I know how much I have been helped by every little scrap of secular light to a clearer vision of eternal light. I think if you abstain from all direct condemnation of the mistakes in exposition made by some mystics, and simply put forward your views as *the true exposition* of their inner mind, or at least as implied in their principles, no alarm will be taken; the wise will see, and the foolish will not understand that you are saying anything new or newly.'

Von Hügel writes again as follows:

'4 Holford Road,

'Hampstead, N.W.

1st October 1898.

'I am most grateful for your most helpful letter: it will help me much. But I have now another point that is causing me a good deal of anxiety, of a simply writer's kind, whether to leave it out (which I don't think I can) or how on earth to put it, if I leave it in. I should be truly obliged, supposing you have at all time enough for such a

thing, if you would let me bring and show you, and get any criticism or suggestion about the final form, of this passage at least, on *Wednesday or Thursday afternoon next*. Thursday would probably be safest to propose. If I could know when and for how long you are free I would choose my trains accordingly. The editor¹ will require the thing by Saturday or I would not press you thus. If you cannot possibly see me, I will write, but it would, of course, be shorter in an interview.

‘Yours very gratefully.’

The meeting was deferred, and he writes again :

‘4 Holford Road,
Hampstead, N. W.
3rd October, 1898.

‘MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

‘I expect that, after all, writing about my point will be best; many thanks for offering me either that, or an interview. The latter I hope to be allowed to manage later on, here or at Wimbledon. And grateful thanks too for the article and about G. : for the moment I have to turn all my small wits and strength to this St Catherine business, which is anyhow a week or two behind the time it was promised for. If I still could, I would gladly

¹ This article is probably the one, on St Catherine of Genoa, that appeared in the *Hampstead Annual* of 1898.

get out of it altogether: I now incline to think I was rash and mistaken in proposing to write on her, though it was, no doubt, only as a substitute for the original proposal made to me, to write on St Catherine of Siena, or St Teresa, or St Francis of Assisi.

‘Well, my point is this: the very reliable, contemporary, really only authorities on her life, on which I dare entirely to rely, to quote and to refer to—they have been translated into English, and will have to be fully indicated for my reader—have several chapters about her health, and this health occurs a little everywhere throughout the book. They—most understandably, indeed inevitably for their times—treat it throughout as positively miraculous: successive sets (at last a set of ten) doctors examine her most carefully, note the phenomena (most simply and detailedly given in the life, a mosaic really of the daily memoranda of Dom Marabotto, her Confessor, and Padre Vernazza, her chief spiritual “son”), and, after minute examination of all that is usually examined, certify to the complete absence of all disease—and that it must, hence, be supernatural. Now the phenomena described leave not the shadow of a doubt that the malady was hysteria, I imagine the “great” hysteria, though in a somewhat less acute form than in St Teresa’s case. I see Mr Baring-

Gould declares that she was rightly canonized as an instance of what heroism can do in surmounting the ordinary consequences of this most unfruitful, blighting malady. And, indeed, my certainty as to the nature of her illness has only heightened my admiration, not only of her devoted, heroic hospital nursing, but still more of the splendid serenity and intellectual breadth of her doctrine. As in the case of St Paul (you know Lightfoot's fine *excursus* in his *Galatians* on the "thorn in the flesh"), or of King Alfred (given *in extenso* there; K. A. appears as "saint" in two Anglo-Saxon Calendars), or of St Teresa (Fr Hahn has worked up her case most admirably; alas, alas, the "scandal to *pious ears*" has, by his condemnation, produced one more scandal for *open eyes*!). Nothing could be more delightfully, convincingly, true, and anti-hysterical or hypochondriacal than her action, influence, standard and doctrine. I am very sure that the ethical and spiritual character and doctrine of these, and such other cases as, I fancy, St Catherine of Siena, St Mary Magdalende' Pazzi, etc. (but these latter I have not examined on the *health* side)—come out only more gloriously with the admission of nervous functional illness. There is no connection, at all events of a suspicious, or simply deterministic and physical kind, between the lowest, the physical stratum, and the two top

strata of the four stages of such saints' lives—their doctrines, and deliberate action, interior and exterior. How about the second stratum, the psychological one (ecstatic, visionary of a strongly sensible type, etc.), and that first one? Is there no connection? I think with Fr Hahn there is, but none whatever between the health and the fruitful, the intellectual and ethical contemplations and visions. These would belong to the doctrinal stratum. "Drive away that beast," called out my saint, in the midst of a paralysis that would seize first an arm, then a leg, leaving each limb perfectly well and strong after hours or days of rigid insensibility, with the "boule hystérique" up her throat, with blood-vomitings, with extraordinary contractions and postures: the whole thing here, "vision" and all, is pure hysteria. But then this "vision" is simply outside all comparison with her contemplations, Visions if you like, as to Purgatory: the wonder is such a "thorn" as the former could have found lodgment in the same personality as these latter grand ethical and moral elevations.

'Now my difficulty, as you will see, is not one for my mind, but as to the public, both Cath. and Prot., I think, putting aside the simplest solution (the not-writing, who knows, my being I fancy now forced to write may a little help get these difficult matters right).

‘I have four alternatives :

‘(1) saying *nothing about illness* at all : impossible : she was twelve years in bed, and some four or five whole chapters of the life treat of her physical state, fasts, etc.

(2) calling it simply an *illness or disorder*, without further specification : unsatisfactory I think, as any at all medically or philosophically trained reader of the books, especially the life I shall have to refer to, will at once see what was physically up with her, and would equally at once tend to revolt against the Saint, and my small doings into the bargain, as the case of a detected hysteria patient, having even educated Romanists by the nose three centuries after her death.

‘(3) calling it a *nervous disorder or illness*, pointing out how little or nothing was then known of such things ; how they could not fail to be thought miraculous ; and that even now we cannot help thinking them, *in such characters and lives*, as so far most impressive, because of the complete way in which such saints have surmounted them both in their action and their doctrine. How that even their ecstasies and visions (though always treated by themselves as thoroughly non-essential to sanctity, and as requiring great detachment and transcending of

them) escape suspicion, in exact proportion as they are of any real importance, i.e. are intellectual, spiritual, ethical, fruitful. The rhetoric of the whole contention would be that all that we have learnt and experienced these 300 years has but helped to exalt all that St John of the Cross, say, insisted upon as essential, and to justify his persistent doctrine of the necessity of always transcending sensible favours, in exact proportion to their *sensibleness*. I would have St Paul appearing somewhere, as a possible or probable sufferer from some kind of nervous illness, so as to prevent any temptation to treat this as a "Romanist" question, and not as one as to which we are all in the same boat—think, e.g. of the O.T. Prophets, and, for the matter of that of many of the phenomena during the first century of the Church.

'(4) I could even simply call it *hysteria*, or *hysterious*, or *epileptoid* (this latter term would be strictly scientific, "epilepsy" or "catalepsy," which even the process of St Teresa's canonization admits of her, is for us, now, quite misleading: *no saint that I know of ever suffered from true epilepsy*, but only from epileptoid hysteria: the first leads to idiocy or early death, the latter to nothing of the kind) or could get in one of these terms by quoting or paraphrasing,

and then criticizing and supplementing Baring-Gould.

‘Which shall I do? I most strongly incline to (3) with possibly (4) worked *à la* Baring-Gould as a possible substitute.

‘I take it that so many have still such a horror of the very allusion to hysteria, in connection especially with saints, because

‘(1) They fancy the disease to be connected with (to come from or lead to) impurity, perhaps even of some specially base, unnatural kind. This is sheer ignorance. No doubt doctors have hitherto chiefly watched and described the cases of bad girls, and the disease can avowedly be the consequence of low courses: but not in the least necessarily. I know three or four cases very intimately of nobly pure, highly mental women suffering severely from it; and Père Van Ortrøy¹ knows a good dozen such.

‘(2) They feel as though, once admit the presence of this disease, and all about the Saint becomes uncertain and fantastic: this again is untrue: only what is already fantastic or uncertain or quite secondary in him or her is localized and explained.’

Tyrrell replies as follows, 5th October 1898:²

¹ A Bollandist writer.

² This letter was published in part.

'MY DEAR BARON,

'I am certainly far from any view of the difficulty that seems to me satisfactory; but your question is rather what is expedient to put before the muddle-headed public. Plainly the third hypothesis is the least assailable—with a tentative and apparently reluctant suggestion of the fourth. With regard to hysteria I should be inclined to insist that it is but a *name* for the unknown cause of a group of symptoms; that it seems to be at root some disturbance of the normal relations of mind and body—a disturbance of the "balance of power" between them, resulting in the undue dominance of one over the other; that the "prophetic" trance or ecstasy, being confessedly an abnormal state of spiritual exaltation or mental predominance over sense-bondage, may well be accompanied by an hysterical state and tend to produce an hysterical habit in the lower strata of the soul; in a word that though there seems no immediate connection between the symptoms called hysteria and the higher mental states of intuition, contemplation, prophecy, yet the cause of those symptoms (namely the undue absorption of energy of some kind by the soul at the body's expense) may well be so connected. I should admit hysteria, with the *pro-vi-so* that we know little or nothing about hysteria, beyond the grouping of its phenomena. The

O.T. prophets, with their music and incantations and other "hypnotizing" devices (not to speak of fasting and watching and other conditions which favoured what we should call a morbid or sub-normal, and *they* an exalted and supernormal state of mind) to be understood must be compared with the prophets of ethnic religions who were all of the hysterical, abnormal, hyper-exalted temperament; akin to the poetic, which again has usually something of the woman in it, something hysterical. I can well understand that the aforesaid "balance of power" between soul and body might be destroyed by an excess of animalism and sensuality just as well, and more commonly, than by an excess of spirituality, and yet the symptoms would be much the same; either heat or cold will crack a glass vessel; who can say which was the cause? I am pretty sure we have got Hahn's book at Farm Street. At all events, Fr Thurston had it the other day. I suppose H. ought to have felt the pulse of his public more carefully before offering it strong meat. If he had avoided a few words he might have said exactly the same *things*, with praise. The many, having no grasp of the sense of words, hold on all the harder to the old familiar scounds. Give them their sounds and you may say what you like.

'Both your letters have set me thinking, and I

see there is much to be said yet. Here, for a wonder, is a convent¹ where they recognize that the study of modern literature, not excluding good novels, develops the mind and fits it for fruitful meditation. Nay (Tell it not in Gath!), they have discovered that cricket and other games further the same end, and correct insanity. I seem to be living in the year 1998.

‘Yours very faithfully,
‘G. T.’

We have next the following letter of 6th October 1898:

‘MY DEAR FR TYRRELL,

‘Grateful thanks for your very helpful letter; it will help me, I know, most materially. But pray do not think me so conceited as to imagine myself in possession of a satisfactory, or indeed any complete, theory of the whole subject; I merely meant that, as regards St Catherine and her *similar right to be on the canon of the Saints*, all is clear, if we restrict the essentials of sanctity to heroic virtue and deeply spiritual doctrine, and can show that in each case, whatever may have been their nervous health, this health in no way determined these two essential sides of them. I would gladly adopt your suggestion that this health may be,

¹ Convent of the Visitation.

not the cause but the *effect*, of these costing high attainments, as perhaps fully explaining the nervous disorders and exhausting the relations between both; but such a case as St Teresa's bids me pause; there we have *the most clearly marked "great" hysteria long before her "conversion," before any* (at least traceable) *strain on the body*. The nervous health or habit must then, I think, be taken also as in part affecting, as well as affected by, the later spiritual intensity—it would do so on the latter's borders, I fancy, amongst the lower (very tangible and unsuggestive) visionary phenomena. If and when I have got the poor affair in proof, and I feel in serious uncertainty over some of it, I shall be sorely tempted to send it to you, to kindly criticize everything objectionable, making arrangements with the printers for possible not immaterial changes. And if I do not hear from you I shall assume you agree to this possible act of charity.'

Tyrrell replied in a short note of 7th October 1898: ¹

'I don't know that St Teresa's case offers a real difficulty; though it suggests a modification of expression. The ill-balance doubtless has its seat in the nervous system—that limbo or borderland

¹ This letter also was published amongst *George Tyrrell's Letters*.

of the animal and spirit; and consists in an abnormal development of the nerves that minister to one of these interests at the expense of those which minister to the other. Though the ill-balance may often be caused or *accentuated* by undue use and strain yet it is often congenital and constitutional; or at least the disposition towards it. This accords with what you said in your last but one of hysteria, that it was no sure sign of evil. Of course all this is *a priori* and needs confirmation from physiology; but as an hypothesis it seems to harmonize many apparently contradictory facts. I return on Sunday night. If you think of sending me the proofs I will give them my best attention and thought.

‘Yours faithfully,
‘G. T.’

The last letter on this subject, which need be quoted, is from the baron, dated 27th October 1898, Hampstead.

‘I got my St Catherine off my hands only the day before yesterday; those thirteen pages have somehow been the biggest grind in the way of actual *writing* I have, I think, ever been through; and it has all been rewritten three, partly four times, and at the end more than half had to be left out, through want of space, not, I fear, to

the improvement of the paper. I think the strain of it came at least as much from health as from the subject, for this first serious bit of work since the operation completely upset and suspended certain most necessary functions, which will, I fancy, but slowly get right again with the fresh rest given to the brain. But it will all, please God, help improve one. Mr Mayle will send you the proof direct by about Tuesday next, I believe; I shall be most grateful to have your criticisms, on the margin (I shall have another copy) or separate, addressed, between 3rd and 10th November to: c/o Mrs Cave, Ditcham Park, Petersfield, and before and after that date, to this, our home, address. I think you will find several traces of your helpful letters; but will, of course, remember that I am addressing, primarily, a non-Catholic, indeed, up here, a strongly Protestant audience. I wanted so much to make them feel how much we have still, so largely unconsciously, in common, and that the difficulties raised by such a life, indeed by mysticism generally, are absolutely interconfessional, indeed inherent to the religious problem generally, and that they are as readily findable in the Bible as in her of Genoa. I hope and think you will like my second and third point at the end; it is the first that strikes me as the most difficult, and yet as not shirkable, really. But I trust to be able to

come back upon all these and such-like matters on a more reasonable scale later on, and perhaps to be again helped by your kind and most valuable advice.'

As we may observe, throughout this correspondence it is von Hügel who is asking advice. In a little while the parts will be reversed, though there will always be some give and take on each side.

CHAPTER IV

VON HÜGEL ADVISES AND CRITICIZES

WE have seen with what simplicity and humility von Hügel turned to Tyrrell as a priest and a theologian, and he was as anxious to share with him his own intellectual and spiritual treasures as to partake of those of his new-found friend. This sharing spirit was, indeed, one of von Hügel's noblest characteristics, and he was destined to be, even more than he eventually desired, a bond of union between men widely separated in place and thought.

His first action on Tyrrell's mind was to introduce him to the philosophy of M. Maurice Blondel, and subsequently to the development of that philosophy by the late Père L. Laberthonnière. Tyrrell was an ardent Thomist, but, as he ever maintained, to be a follower of St Thomas was not to be impervious to every other form of thought.

On 31st December 1897 he wrote:

'MY DEAR BARON,

'Thank you very much indeed for the pamphlets. Blondel I had already received from Father

Bremond, and had read without much profit, for his style is most obscure, especially to me whose language is scholastic though my thought is mystic. But *Le Dogmatisme moral*¹ was a great joy to me as giving a clearer insight into the "Philosophy of action," or rather the Philosophy of the heart and of concrete human nature. I felt at home there in nearly everything, and doubt not but I shall be able to fit it all into my own mind without any violent revolution. Still I noticed several places where the idea might have been expressed in a way less likely to give offence to the Philistines—an evil to be avoided out of deference, not to their opinion, but to their power of making mischief. . . .

There followed a constant interchange of books and thought, and the following letter from von Hügel, on the appearance of Tyrrell's *Hard Sayings*, will show his close interest in every development of his friend's mind:

31st December 1898.

'MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

'Before leaving this, to go back to Herbert House, Belgrave Square—we do so next Wednesday, 4th January, to stay there three weeks, and then go abroad till beginning of May—I should

¹ By Father L. Laberthonnière.

like to try and thank you, as fully and adequately as I can, for all the bracing and stimulation your *Hard Sayings* has just been to me. I have long ago found out how much fuller and, generally, positively different is the impression conveyed by a book read from cover to cover, and by the same book when read just here and there; and yet I also know, now each year increasingly, how short is life, and how carefully one must select the recipients of I suppose the biggest compliment one can pay an author, that of reading him *in extenso*, with a leisurely rumination. And this I have been so glad to be able to do with your book, and want now to put my gratitude and admiration and slight criticism—it is really more a query and call for fresh light—upon paper, here and now.

‘Four of the papers have specially delighted me: “The Hidden Life,” “Quid erit nobis?” “The Divine Precept,” and “Idealism.” And again, of those, the two middle ones I take to be the most original of all, and the most necessary; and an immense step forward would be gained, if all our religious teachers and writers were to fully and finally adopt such positions. Those are points I have felt sensitively about, ever since I have felt strongly about religion at all; and in the Bossuet-Fénelon controversy, the main documents of which I have studied with deep interest, B.’s persistent refusal

to allow that Charity is intrinsically non-self-regarding, and that man can abstract from his self-interest, has always seemed to me a no doubt well-meant, but none the less objectively a real outrage upon human nature and its author. And that, as regards a future life—religious devotedness would, even if that life were not, be still the one thing worth the doing and having—one who knows the course of religious development cannot doubt it. For how plain the O.T. is, in its indications that, up to the Exile, the persistence after death of our present consciousness, at its present degree, was quite unrealized: and yet that is the minimum of what we mean by a future life, as distinguished from simple non-annihilation. Altogether, I am deeply refreshed throughout your book by the way in which you never let go the great dominant un-self-regarding element of religion, and find our very individual joy in Heaven in a great extension of the capacity for, as object of, pure disinterested love. It is really like getting out of very tight boots into a warm foot-bath, to know for certain that this will be fed in one, and that “common sense,” and “safe teaching” will not be invoked, merely to starve what is best in one, on its way to Him from whom it came.

‘And then that most necessary doctrine of the intrinsic loveliness of creatures, and the most

opportune demonstration that to forbid such a love is to cut the very roots of our apprehension and love of God.

‘And quite as dear to me, and as important, is the teaching as to the immanence of God, Heaven and Hell in each individual soul: on pp. 2 and 3 you already state what, in various forms, runs throughout all the book. This also is a point I have so long cared for, and which so many of ours apprehend but timidly and fitfully, to say the least.¹

‘And then, too, there is the constant consciousness of the difference between all reality and our apprehension of it, of that mystical element, which much “scientific” theology has so woefully neglected; of the slowness and yet importance of a growth in our religious conceptions of God being the Author as truly of civilization in the much that it ever has of good, as of religion; of the State as of the Church; of our being what we *will*, what we habitually aim at; of the invisible Church being the connection to which, primarily, all souls in good faith must and do belong: and indeed of so much else as important as all this.

‘If I may show my gratitude by frankly telling you where I am puzzled, or cannot follow, or even

¹ This was a point on which von Hügel was in more ardent agreement with some of his friends at this time than later on.

where my taste is not quite satisfied—I would note the following, moving from less to more important:

‘(1) I quite see why you have put “The Soul and her Spouse” first: the title might be made to cover the whole collection, and on pp. 2, 3, you strike the key-note of the whole. But for all that, I think its position is so far unfortunate, that though its *doctrine* is thoroughly helpful and not difficult, yet its form strikes me as far less perfect than that of most of the others—of my four favourites, for instance, or of “The Presence of God,” “God in Conscience,” “The Gospel of Pain,” “The Angelic Virtue,” “Discouragement,” which run those four very close. The form, like that of “The Mystery of Faith,” comes home to me as too much that of a *fervorino*, as choked with similes, and wanting in repose. I see, of course, how entirely unexceptionable is its doctrine, and the prominence it gives to Our Lady; and yet the subject-matter, its inherent rhetoric, seems to me to demand the momentary exclusion of all but the solitary soul and its spouse—*sola sum solo*.

‘(2) In your fine paper on marriage, I should have liked:

‘(a) if not too long, or perhaps indelicate, a word or note on p. 239, showing how woe-fully wrong the “Screeching Sisterhood” are,

in their frequent insistence upon the fact that Polyandry has been ever forbidden even in countries where Polygamy is an institution, as proof that the restrictions in the sex relations are but the artificial creation of tyrant man. The answer is so delightfully simple: if even Polygamy seriously weakens the unity of the family, yet this unity can and does subsist under it, owing to the one headship, but, under Polyandry, this unity would go completely, and with it the family altogether.

‘(b) And much as I agree with the argument in favour of women being usually less fit for government (p. 250) I should like to be helped to see why then women have nevertheless, with hardly an exception, proved remarkably successful Rulers over States.—The point is well worth clearing up, since Riehl, in his otherwise admirable book on the Family, actually has the courage to challenge this fact, and to demand that no woman shall be allowed to rule in the State any more than in the Family.

‘(c) I somehow feel pp. 240 and 241 somewhat unreal, and with a touch of pulpit fierceness about them. That the Church’s *doctrine* ought to lead to a *de facto* entirely higher, different estimate of women and of marriage than the teachings of Protestantism, is indeed clear; that

the actual opposite which we find on comparing France, Belgium, and Italy, with England and Germany must spring from other sources than the doctrine, and *may* (I doubt whether we should go an inch further) have, primarily and directly, but little to do with certain characteristics of the post-Reformation *actual working* and affinities of our system, I also see. But if the actual state of things is so largely ambiguous, when it does not actually seem to tell against us—I would prefer a more discriminating and more gentle estimate. I am very clear that to live in Italy, and especially perhaps in the former Papal States, must be felt as living in an actually lower atmosphere in these matters than among the average men of the world.

‘(3) In your admirable advice to Idealists, I should have liked on pp. 364 and 365 something more active for all, than standing by helpless at the side of the Cross and praying. I say this, knowing well that prayer is the greatest help—it and example; and how easily fussiness and even a sectarian spirit can creep into anything attempted over and above that. And yet,—is it not in part through such an ideal as the former that they have got so sleepy and stony in Catholic countries? I find for myself that, everywhere, if one will but care, and look about,

there are men and women, clerics and lay, who are, in the world of learning or of action, working and living for true bettering; that I have but to join myself on to them, encourage and get encouragement, to find active work without presumption, I think, and that I can thus escape the impossible alternative of caring deeply and yet leaving it all to professionals.

‘(4) I care so particularly about the whole drift and the particular points of your “Life Everlasting,” that I should like either there or in other places where its subjects are referred to, the following three matters to be still further cleared up:

‘(a) You have, on p. 164 (“Each little act—each instant as it passes”), given what I want with such delightful power, that I am a little disappointed to find on p. 171: “regarding time as but the preface or prelude to eternity.” I should have liked some modification or addition such as: “or rather, as but already environing, and usually cloaking for us, that eternity in which the soul, even here already, in its upper reaches and deepest recesses, can and does live.” All your book holds this, I am sure: eternity can and must begin here, if it is to continue, consummated, hereafter.

‘(b) You have, on p. 188, so admirably warned

us against conceiving even the knowledge of Heaven as a comprehension of God, that I should like also on p. 2, instead of: "here, in part, there, wholly and perfectly,"—something like: "There, as wholly and perfectly as our glorified intelligences will be capable of seeing God." It has ever seemed to me to be of primary importance not to let man's destiny appear as a deferred intellectualism: as though he is to mess about here, amongst emotions and moral action, and to be rewarded hereafter by the gift of a purely or predominantly intellectual life of comprehension. Evidently this is false: heighten his powers as you will, they will, for one thing, be ever multiple and varied, with the will either the equal or the superior (in dignity) of reason; and for another, be finite, and issue in an indefinitely increased apprehension, intuitive and inamissible.

'(c) Although I see well the generous motive of your reference to St Thomas's teaching, bottom of p. 116, I take it, that it is most important somehow to soften and restate this "unchangeable, unprogressive, petrified" conception of the state of the departed. You yourself have here got the medicinal action of Purgatory (and the opposite doctrine would make the doctrine of Purgatory all but impos-

sible), and I find Schell has boldly contended that though there is no merit either in Purgatory or Heaven, there can be and is moral growth in the former, and movement and inexhaustible development of the knowledge and love, given from the first to the soul in Heaven. Whatever the difficulties, something like that we must get.

‘(5) And last of all, I have my difficulties as to what I understand to be the doctrine of pp. 83, 84, and 393. On p. 270 you state the usual, and indeed obligatory, and beautifully fruitful doctrine: “Nothing curtails our liberty but what restricts our power of doing well or doing better.” And, indeed, it is St Augustine’s noble *posse non peccare, magna est libertas; non posse peccare, maxima est*.—Now I know that the usual teaching goes further, and I don’t know that I have any difficulties against it—and you have it on pp. 79 and 81, with regard to the angels—that God Himself cannot create beings which, being as they are necessarily finite, are not at the same time necessarily capable of lapsing. Yet our common doctrine, indeed the necessary implications, of grace, and again the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and finally, the teaching as to the indefectibility of our wills in Heaven—show clearly how God can and does,

by grace, anticipate and supplement the weakness of the finite nature, without in any way interfering with, indeed by strengthening the will and its freedom.—Yet on the pages referred to first, you write as though there was, or at least might be, something intrinsically necessary in the present, actual consequences of our freedom—as though men could not attain to moral dignity without all the fearful risks and terrible misuses of his liberty which we see. But I take it that here two quite distinct matters are left indiscriminated: for I quite see that the present risks and lapses are inseparable from *the actual kind* of pathos and beauty and heroism of mankind: and this is often overlooked, and well worth drawing out, and admirably drawn out by yourself: but I fail to see how this at all explains why God, having been admittedly able to preserve our imperfect liberty from lapsing, and it being held that such action of His would have both raised us in the scale of beings and of liberty, and would have completely avoided all sin and its consequences, did not act thus. I am, of course, humbly sure that His doings are, unknown to me, wise and merciful: but I find help in the matter only in such faith (since I know Him so well in other relations towards us, as to entirely trust Him in this one), and in

the fearless honesty of such a confession as Lotze's, who, in his *Microcosmus*, and his *Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion*, gives a sketch of previous attempts to solve this riddle, only to point out the inadequacy of them all, and to declare that he renounces attempting himself to add one more failure to the many previous ones.

'Do please forgive the length of this letter: I hope you will read in it my deep gratitude for your book: I have a long list of all I love in it, on every one of its pages almost.

'Thanks much, too, for the article on the Scholastic Philosophy:¹ I have liked it very much indeed.

'I hope you will like the new Blondel and Laberthonnière. It seems to me that at least the latter has a most beautiful form: it is so serene and transparent, so *distingué* and spiritual. And I care so much for his drift. I will read Père Bachelet through carefully; I know that, at all events, he is not brutal as is Père Schwalm.

'I hear that the *Études religieuses* for November have a fierce and contemptuous article against Père Lagrange and my other friends and self anent the Pentateuch. I do wish people would cease to fight for God with weapons and methods

¹ Possibly 'Rationalism in Religion.' *Month*, Oct. 1898.

of the Stone Age: he surely deserves candour, modesty, and an attempt at being fair.

‘Yours very gratefully and sincerely,
‘F. VON H.’

Tyrrell replied, 8th January 1899:

‘DEAR BARON VON HÜGEL,

‘I am infinitely obliged to you for your patient and very discerning criticism of *Hard Sayings*; and also am much gratified that in the main it agrees with you and you with it. If it gets to a third edition I will certainly alter many things in accordance with your suggestions; but I cannot give the necessary time and expense that would be needful to reform the second edition which is already printing, and must appear with all its sins and imperfections on its head. I can explain some of the points you comment on; but with an explanation that rather ratifies than traverses your judgment. For instance, “The Soul and her Spouse” was an address on the clothing of one of the “Filles de Marie,” hence the seemingly uncalled-for prominence given to Our Lady; and the said address itself a *conflatus* of new and old; the old being probably more what you would have desired in the way of unity and simplicity. As to woman’s “governing” capacity, I spoke more *a priori*; though I admitted a difficulty in the

Church's institutions governed by woman. Doubtless tact, sensibility, unselfishness are largely helpful in government; and here woman may well excel. Also, it is not so impossible that political and domestic government may demand different characteristics. But I really have not thought the matter out. I should *like* to allow all I can to woman, but was afraid to be less listened to, by saying too much at once.

'The part against Protestant standards of marriage was written some years ago and may well disagree with the rest in tone. I should *now* say that heretics often, perhaps always, retain more vividly and live by some principle or sentiment of Catholic origin which Catholics often neglect; and that else heresies could not live, e.g. Jansenism. The way to combat heresies is to allow all that is good in them and to confess our sins. "Idealism" was a conference in a retreat to *Jesuits*; so, for *Church* read S.J., nearly everywhere. You now understand how *action* may be quite impossible and prayer and patience the sole refuge.

'I expect we do really differ about "Requies Aeterna" hereafter. I am strong for holding a very strict sense of "Eternity" in regard to Heaven; in order that I may hold it with regard to Hell. As a fact, St Thomas is somewhat perversely quoted to my sense; because elsewhere he denies

very explicitly what in the *Contra gentes* he admits only implicitly, sc. the absolute negation of successiveness and change in the *final* life and *final* death. To me, *Intra in gaudium Domini* means an entering into the Divine life and thought which is as still as a sea of glass. Even here, in this life, I think true ecstasy is timeless. But all this I have treated in a work on Divine Love now in the censors' profane hands, which I hope to discuss with you some day.

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'Laberthonnière pleased me much and sent me back again to his *Problème religieux* from which I got new light. Blondel is to me nearly unintelligible, not, I believe, from strangeness of idea (for here I expect Laberthonnière is his disciple, or at least, exponent) but from technicality of expression.'

At this stage of their intercourse it is plain that von Hügel is in front of Tyrrell in boldness and breadth of thought. The latter even ventured, it would seem, on certain counsels of moderation, for, on 22nd March 1898, von Hügel had written: 'I have been thinking much of your remarks about Blondel, and your most kind and charitable warnings to myself'—a reference, probably, to some conversation.

Von Hügel was, essentially, a liberator; he opened

doors and windows in many confused places; he recognized genius and ability, and did all in his power to turn them to use in what was, for him, the worthiest field of human effort. And, so far as we have got, this friendship promised costly help and sympathy to both men. For von Hügel the primary aim was the advancement of religious truth, for Tyrrell there was, blended with this aim, a more direct apostolic ambition. Their friendship was, during these first years, at its perfect stage, that stage of friendship which can, alas! so seldom endure between men of independent mind. So long as each was learning from the other all went well, and I think that Tyrrell would always have endured divergencies better than von Hügel, because the latter had a more formed and consistent scheme of life and thought than the former. Von Hügel was a man who made his plan and followed it out; he knew, more or less, where he wanted to go, where he wanted to arrive, and, eventually, where he wanted to stop. Tyrrell had no such fixed programme; his character was more that of a pioneer, who plunges into unknown country, not knowing what he will find, or where he will end. As he once said to me of himself, he was 'a dangerous man, wandering out, he knew not whither.'

Von Hügel, on the contrary, was the son of an Austrian diplomat, and owed something to this origin. He knew, indeed, what *had* to be done, but he was more intent on what *could* be done;

he would call a halt, whether he approved of the halting-place or not. Tyrrell was not so easily checked by consideration for himself or others, and he needed safeguards much more than did his friend. The two minds were actually fashioned for different work, and in my opinion the one was, eventually, too much attracted, by admiration of his friend, from his own proper field of activity to that of the other.

But, in these early days, we find them drawing the very best from one another, while Tyrrell, in particular, recognizes how much he has to learn from his older and more learned friend.

Thus he writes on November 20th 1899:

‘MY DEAR BARON,

‘I am disappointed not to be able to see you once more before you go. I thank you in anticipation for the books and also for the photograph, which I shall really value, especially on account of the very kind and affectionate intention with which you have given it. I cannot tell you, without seeming almost to be paying you *quid pro quo*, the strong developing influence your friendship has exerted upon my mind; in how many cases it has determined me at points of bifurcation to choose this road rather than that, and all with the happy result of making my mind more of a Jerusalem, i.e. a city “at unity with itself.”’

To which von Hügel replied on 4th December 1899,¹ in the following words:

‘Then next, I have to thank you for the very kind and handsome words of your letter to me. I am, of course, very glad and grateful to God, and why not to you also? if I have been of any use, along a way which is so dear to me—I should like to think that it was the secret aspiration and inspiration of my whole life: it certainly is so, of whatever may be not unworthy in it.’

¹ The greater part of this letter was published among *Selected Letters*.

CHAPTER V

VON HÜGEL INTRODUCES TYRRELL TO THE PROBLEMS OF HISTORICAL CRITICISM

VON HÜGEL'S main religious interest was twofold—mysticism and historical criticism. On the first of these subjects he both consulted and advised his friend—they met as equals—but on the second Tyrrell had all to learn from von Hügel, who was eager to make him a sharer in his own studies.

On 22nd March 1898 he wrote as follows:

‘I also send a reprint of a *précis* and translation by myself of Père Lagrange's Pentateuch article. It is clear that, if they are going to stand that line finally, the cause is gained, and the moment of the paper's appearing is not unpropitious, I think; for, as Abbé Duchesne says: “There are three persons that are doing most useful work in Rome ever since last winter: *Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus*.” Indeed, the effect of that decision of the Head Office, as to the *Comma Johanneum*, has been most marked, so far at all events.

‘How much I am looking forward to some good talks with you! I so much hope you will give

them me! I shall probably get home through Germany this time, and hope to come back much refreshed and improved, at least on religious philosophy points.'

On 29th June 1898 Tyrrell wrote *à propos* of this or some other pamphlet:

'And now I turn to your most interesting pamphlet on the Hexateuch, which has made me almost regret the resolve that I made some years ago to turn away from a question so far beyond my ability and leisure, in which I should only be at the mercy of others more expert than myself. At school I got a good grounding in Hebrew, of which I retain some dominant impressions, and could with little difficulty awake it into activity. But at S. Beuno's I realized that to do anything to forward biblical studies I should have begun years before, and excluded every other pursuit. As studies are arranged in the curriculum of most ecclesiastical institutions I don't think it is possible for priests to be to the fore in the Scripture question. Seven years go to scholasticism, which might all be fitted into two or three with gain. However, I trust that events will be too strong for the old-world system and that it will fall before the law of "survival of the fittest."

'As far then as I am competent to judge, the

close accumulative evidence you bring together leaves little loophole for escaping your conclusion.'

On 4th March 1900 von Hügel wrote from Rome:

'Not many days after the Vaughan-Mivart correspondence in *The Times* Dom Kuypers wrote to me from Cambridge to ask me whether I could furnish him with copies of my (now oldish) "Church and Bible" papers, since quite a number of undergraduates, Protestant and Catholic, had been disturbed in their minds on Biblical matters and had been much helped by my treatment of these problems. I know well how little there is in these or any other of my Biblical papers which . . . is other than the result of a century and more of other men's slowly conquered, gradually sifted and clarified labour. But the testimony to this being the way out of the tangle is all the more cheering for that: devoted labour always tells like this, even long after those devoted ones have gone into the world of pure truth.'

On 2nd April 1900 Tyrrell writes:

'I forgot, in my last, to ask if the Bible papers you referred to were anything I had not seen. *I am dreadfully deficient in all that matter, because consciousness of its vastness had made me dread to dabble in it.*'¹

¹ My italics.—M. D. P.

Although Tyrrell thus states his inexperience in Scripture exegesis he did, in a little pamphlet of 1900-1—approach the Christological problem from another point. It was a curious little allegorical story, which eventually appeared under the name of a friend.¹ In it is described the attempt to civilize a tribe of gross and ferocious savages, through the intermediary of one of their number, who is gifted with a kind of double personality. There are hints of the mystery of the Incarnation, and almost a kind of mythical paraphrase of the first chapter of the Gospel of St John. The idea of the parable was psychological and not exegetical.

On 28th May 1901 von Hügel wrote a long letter from Milan, and there he first speaks of his desire to defend the then Abbé Loisy from his critics.

‘I also saw Loisy, twice; in better physical health than I have known him for some years, and as witty and astonishingly master of his great subjects as ever. Certainly his writings, remarkable as they are, give but a very incomplete picture of his astonishingly deep and delicate, wide and detailed outlook and perception. Generations will pass, before we are likely to again have anything like as complete a combination of as thoroughly worked out and matured qualities and competences. Meanwhile, his opponents are busier and more determined than ever. The superior-general of

¹ *The Civilizing of the Matafanus*, A. Waller.

S. Sulpice and the Archbishop of Paris have been pronouncing against him in various ways, the most significant being the forcing to stand back a certain number of young men from among those to be ordained during these days, and his denunciation, I *fear* by the Archbishop himself this time, in Rome. His warm and admirably courageous friend, Mgr Mignot, has written a very fine, manly letter in his defence to the Pope himself; and I have just written to Cardinal Rampolla, restricting myself to two most indubitable points: (1) that the number of undergraduates (I think particularly of Cambridge) received into the Church during the last decade on the understanding that L.'s books and such-like views were uncondemned and presumably uncondemnable had been very appreciable, and that repeatedly we should not have had them at all, without such frankness and breadth; and (2) that, in the English learned and University world L. is now a very well-known and highly respected authority—the same kind of world which has been convinced that Leo XIII was a patron of science and letters; and how that, on both these points, an inevitable, ruinous change would be effected by L.'s condemnation.] But all the symptoms of what is coming are bad; and, without bitterness be it spoken, I think one has to fear most that the coming action will be something just

narrow enough to hamper, still further hamper, solid methods for years to come, and yet not sufficiently clearly unworkable (at least, in the eyes of the large majority of our even quasi-educated public) to help bring on a reform and relaxation of our present system of denunciation and censorship. Some highly estimable friends of mine are somewhat shocked and pained (whilst cordially appreciating his work in other directions) at L.'s very sceptical attitude towards the historicity of most of the matters special to the fourth gospel; and, although I have no serious doubt but that, on this point too, the solution is to be sought in his direction (indeed Catholic commentators generally have—whilst maintaining the authorship, as to which L. has directly said but little—now, for thirty years especially, been repeatedly insisting upon the pragmatic, theological character of the document), it may be that here he has been educationally really premature. But, strangely enough, Mgr Mignot's information (quite unofficial and accidental, as it always is, in such cases) is that it is L.'s Hexateuchal and early Genesis chapters analysis and interpretations that are being specially examined. And on these points to strike him would, even educationally, really be to put out one of our chief lights as a help to seeing better.'

Von Hügel was distressed by Tyrrell's ignorance of German. On 6th August 1901 he wrote:

'I really cannot resign myself, without protest, to your not mastering German.'

And Tyrrell replied, 22nd September 1901:

'I have actually *begun* German; but oh! what a language! Hebrew seems a simple task in comparison.'

In a long letter of 18th December 1901 we learn more of von Hügel's keen interest in Biblical criticism, and his desire to make others realize its importance.

He writes from Milan, and speaks of his active intercourse with Professor Morando, Padre Gazzola and others.

The letter is so important as an explanation of von Hügel's attitude, and of the corresponding influence he exercised on Tyrrell's development, that I give almost the whole of it, omitting the first part which is to be found among the *Selected Letters*:

'P. G. has, as he told me himself, carefully kept himself from ever writing a word; and, partly on this account, he has been able, and continued, as parish priest of the largest parish in Milan, to do an astonishing amount, in the way of meeting the largely latent or semi-conscious, but none the less terribly real, requirements of educated souls

in matters of religion, specially within the Church. A lady, e.g., who had followed his advanced religious course, had learnt from it, thoroughly and quietly, as to the change from Monolatry to Monotheism, and as to the gradual concentration and unification of worship in ancient Israel; and my T., present with me at one of his Instructions, was able to tell me afterwards, that it had been on the "suffered under P. P." and the "on the third day He rose again from the dead" articles of the Ap. Creed; and how he had explained to the people that, in both cases these details of procurators and duration were brought into a solemn, spiritual act of faith, as the only means of ensuring the driving home and the acceptance of *real* death, and a *real* survival, and that the latter, in contradistinction with the former, was a matter of the profoundest mystery, reasonable indeed, and both the culminating help and the fullest expression to and of our faith, but still, and just because of that, not irresistibly demonstrable, and not just like any other history-book fact.

'And *here* your vols. are, at this moment, Vol. I in the hands of Prof. Briggs of New York, that interesting ex-Presbyterian O.T. scholar, and founder and chief editor of the important *International Commentary*, who had, some fifteen or more years ago, a trial and condemnation for heresy

(because of his excellent Hexateuchal, general Biblical, and Church Authority, and Purgatorial views), and who, some eight months ago, was ordained an Episcopalian clergyman; and your Vol. II is in the hands of Mgr Mignot, who, devoted, ever active and courageous soul (let us both admit to each other, the latter quality at all events is *not* common), arrived here yesterday (barely recovered from a severe attack of influenza, which has been keeping him in his bedroom, up to a fortnight ago, since mid-October) on purpose to fight Loisy's battles. I was with him for an hour and a half yesterday, to report to him and to hear about the case. He is also so deeply interested in you. You will have just received, or will get in a day or two, what I am sure will console you greatly, his address on "The Method of Theology," in which you will specially note how the seed that a dear close sower friend of mine is trying to sow in England, is at all events being finely utilized and made to grow in *France*. It strikes me as truly instructive, the way in which your doctrine, apparently buried away in that short newspaper article, and in such necessarily bad odour with, or rather, so little realized by, our rulers in England, should be actually propounded by an Archbishop, some four months later, to a crowd of eager learners, as the true inspiration both for

him and man. I am so glad that I sent him that article, and properly underlined its importance. And whilst on this point, I want to put in a word, disagreeable but necessary to say, as to Mgr Batiffol. Alas, *he is a man not to be trusted*: pray take my word for it, and look out. I regret now I let out that the "P. D."¹ article was by you; though, once having done so, and noting that he might end by working your case and situation somewhat as he is working Loisy's, I made him understand that, really, you were an undenounceable person, the thing having already been done so very thoroughly. Not that he would, I am sure, denounce any one here, or that he would *begin* raising suspicions and helping himself on by contrasts with the supposed more or less "impossibility" of others—generally far greater and better than himself: but that, finding himself in a fairly tight place at Toulouse—he has still not managed to get the Bishops to give him more than three per cent of their subjects!—and having much of mobile, versatile talent, and an (I am sure) completely erroneous conception of the true place and fruitfulness of management, policy, playing one off against another, etc.—these things are very quickly illicit, and, even where good and necessary, must always remain secondary and subordinate to the

¹ 'Perverted Devotion.'

thirst for truth and justice, unless a man is to lose his soul and those of others, whilst tinkering away at his reputation—he readily utilizes and aggravates the painful predicaments of others. He does so, I have no doubt, not merely from self-seeking; perhaps not at all *consciously*; but he does so, for all that. And just now, I have had much trouble in trying to counter-work at least his initial action here, against L. It is one of the most painful features in such tragic advancement of the soul's and of the Church's life that the principles propounded by a man like L. triumph—slowly; and only in part, at first at least; still they *do*, they are doing so already: but the living man, the mind above all others to whom we owe this (I know the subject and our *personnel* throughout Europe really well, I think), may not get passed and tolerated, and gets attacked or treated as a leper, by the very men who owe pretty well all they have of truly faithful method and of true conclusions to him. It, at times, is necessary to cut off tails: even that, I must admit, is deeply distasteful to me. I love so much to leave to the dear Christ-Master, to Love Infinite, all dividing off of the goats from the sheep. And all, even indirect, exclusion on the score of orthodoxy—how painful it is always, and how little Christian the temper, where this predominates. But here we

have quite another case, that of a *head*: and yet men like B. are quite willing to deflect the storm on to that one head. Until I lose my own, I shall do my level best to prevent it! But will you then, please, if he has written to you, in sending the discourse, either write with great reserve, and with a view to keeping out of his way; or (but this would be more generous than wise, in your situation and in dealing with a man like B) utilize, if not now then later, any opportunity for underlining the fact, which I have been ramming into him, with some effect I know, that L. really has numerous warm admirers and friends in England (so that he may feel, what I have carefully brought home to him, that if he cares for the English public and, of course, he does, he really must not wash his garments in the blood of L.—it really *is* too expensive a laundry that). But I need not say, Mgr Mignot is quite different: he would be so, even in poor B.'s no doubt difficult position. And, after all, even Mignot's present position is, of course, one of stress and strain, and battle and much loneliness. I have never copied out for you the message he, Mgr M., wrote me for you, some time back: "Pauvre Père T., il passe auprès des jésuites français (N.B. not all of them though!) pour un esprit très-dangereux, contre lequel on ne saurait trop se mettre en garde. Auriez-vous à

l'occasion la bonté de lui dire que je suis loin de partager ces sentiments, et que je le remercie des sympathies qu'il vous a témoignées pour moi."— I am so pleased too with that article on you in the December *Catholic World*: I think it is really well and wisely done. Mgr M. shall see that too. We shall have time for much talk about you, for he stays a fortnight, and we hope to meet every two or three days for good long meetings.

'To go back for a minute to the end of our Airolo time, and the days at Milan, I saw, in the former place, Eucken's very distinguished Catholic disciple, young Dr M. S. He stayed a week, and we had some five or six hours of philosophical and religious talk a day. I was, I think, chiefly struck with this—a point that practically all German Catholics, however open-minded and active workers they may be, have in common—that whilst a few of them (even on this point as yet but very few, but S. is one of them) look *Fundamental, Philosophical* problems in the face, and work hard and well to solve them according to the laws and necessities immanent to this subject-matter; and practically all of them admit and even practise sound, whole-hearted *historical* criticism in Church history—and patristic literature-matters: they are still practically unanimous in carefully and laboriously thinking out excuses for not really thinking

about *Biblical* problems at all; and even otherwise excellent scholars like B. design and carry out whole series of "Biblical Studies," carefully contrived for shunting all the thinking and working, away from the living problems, on to archaeological trifles and harmless accumulations of mere materials. It is surely a most painful spectacle (and one which, if I followed it, would, I know, to my own eyes, spell simply the loss of faith) to find active and very religious intelligences like S.'s, deliberately and with reasons given and assigned, giving the "go-by" to that whole central mass of facts and their analysis and theorization: he has his philosophy *before* them, he has his otherwise universal historical criticism *after* them; and, in the middle, there they are, hedged in and off *by reason*, yet *contrary to reason*, from every approach of *reason*; and this with a frank declaration, that this is necessary, since the Catholic position could not stand the application of these otherwise universally valid principles. I find then that, for the present at least, I must not look out for much sympathy amongst German Catholics; but had better rest content with finding my Catholic basis of operations amongst still scattered, but already unmistakably influential, and substantially insuppressible, workers in France chiefly, with a few in Italy and England. Then, at Milan, I met Van Ortroj, after the lapse of a

year or so; and I could not but note that whereas before he had, whilst no doubt always feeling, as indeed I felt in return, that all my philosophical and mystical side was "German," or a hobby, or what not to him, hailed me apparently without reservations, on my historico-critical side, and specifically as a friend of Loisy's; he now fought shy of me, and during our one meeting contrived to let me understand that sound and reasonable criticism were one thing, the question as to L. another. And altogether I felt (as I here discover, all those of our group who had V. O. in their midst feel) that he has three limitations to him, which mark him off, to his disadvantage, from a man like P. Semeria, to whom Maude Petre compares him, I think rightly, with regard to the point she is thinking of. I feel more than ever then, that he is lacking in an astonishing degree, in all speculative or mystical *attrait*, comprehension, or ability; that he has *interiorly* passed through but little, and that his very healthy-mindedness is as much an indication of this limitation as it is a chief cause of his undoubted strength, within a strictly circumscribed area; and (and this is what alone has been a slow but final discovery with me) he is (outside of his special studies, where he remains for me, on the critical, sifting, and honest-looking-and-speaking side of the matter, a most

refreshing influence and real model for us all) far more an active supporter of, and in touch with, the general policy and tone of his Order, than I ever guessed before. His very freedom from the least touch of Maude Petre's "unifying spirit" evidently makes this curious combination of a liberal provincialism with an imperial despotism possible, perhaps easy for him; but it has necessarily much limited his charm for me. A bluff, utterly honest man, is a delightful thing; but two quite straight-looking and noting eyes, with a third one at the back of them, taking notes for other, quite *a priori* purposes, is quite another situation. Not, of course, that we have not, all of us, and quite inevitably, indeed rightly, our domestic affections and interests—only, they want either to be somehow harmonized with our public spirit; or there must, at least, be a consciousness of the tragic conflict existing (or at least capable of existing) between them. But he, good man, is as little capable of the tragedy as of the unification. I think now that possibly, indeed probably, the modification of tactics, the falling back on to a distinctly *more*, indeed *really* liberal *general* Biblical position, but with the careful exclusion of Loisy, who, more than any man, more than the rest of us put together, has brought about the change, had been decided upon by the Order at the time

I saw V. O. If you will read (it is abundantly worth while) Père Durand's "L'État actuel des Études Bibliques en France," the first article in the November number of the *Études Religieuses*, you will see forcibly what I mean. The thing can be nothing short of a manifesto, and if we poor devils had lived to bring about nothing else, our life would not have been lived in vain. All through he, with the greatest ease and grace (and I am sure, perfect good faith, he is a pupil of P. Gismondi's, the Greg. University Prof. of Scripture here, a discreet but whole-hearted admirer of L.'s, I know him very well—he lends L.'s and now my performances to his students), propounds and enforces, with gay persiflage of the "fossils," the very positions for which we have been fighting and suffering, and for which that periodical, and indeed the general officialty of the order, was treating us with truculent disdain and most unlovely denunciations, not many months ago. And note the paragraphs about L.; they too, no doubt are free from any violence, at least of form: but digest B.'s declaration, and you will understand why my blood boils, when I think of such utterances from a man like B., one of critical, indeed sceptical mind.

'Well, here I have been having two, I think really important, certainly deeply interesting and

costing interviews, with Card. Rampolla and Padre Lepidi—the Master of the Sacred Palace—the latter lasting a full hour and a half. I had written to the former about L. from Milan, when first there, and had received a courteous answer—that he had not failed to submit my observations to H. H. himself. So, a few days after getting here, I went and saw him, and left with him another paper, giving detailed proofs, quotations and documents as to my previous assertion concerning L.'s large influence and following in England, and the dangerous commotion any censure would arouse there. I also, in consideration, fired off two carefully prepared shots—they both went home, as I saw clearly, from the change, the flush in the face and tone of voice and sudden movements—which came over him, whom I had found at first studiously cold and repellent—Cardinal Richard had, I knew and saw, screwed him up to this level four days before. My first shot was: “Had H. E. read Cardinal V.’s speech as to St Edmund’s bones? and had he compared the theory of the Joint Pastoral of last January, with the practice of September?” He knew nothing whatever as to the speech: so I gave him a vivid account of it: and it went home, indeed it did! But he soon recovered himself and said: “But after all, all these differences and admissions about relics, what are

they? mere trifles! But touch Scripture and you touch the *Faith, la foi*''; he repeated the words with an emphasis, which made me sure that this had been driven into him, by one much more theological than himself. I answered that, however different in size and quality the Biblical question might be, it was, itself too, a complex, a difficult, largely a *specialist* question; and that I didn't see why its greater size and importance should make it safer to disregard the specialists concerning it, than we see was the case over St Edmund's bones.

'My second shot was that though it was not for us to dictate or even suggest a course for the Church to follow, and though, once she had taken and published it, I trusted we should all do whatever our duty as Catholics required of us—yet that we could not and would not undertake any so difficult and to our eyes unjust and imminently scandal-raising a matter for the authorities, as that of discrediting L.; that, at all events until they spoke and decided, he would be for us an *auctor indemnatus*, to quote and honour, on occasion, as the most distinguished and competent of the small band of Catholic real workers in this difficult, in-suppressible subject-matter. He thawed slightly towards the end, or showed that he did not want me to go with the feeling that he did not want me to come again—at least, on other matters.

But I came away, upon the whole, sad, and feeling how strong was the pressure being exercised by the other party. Perhaps my poor paper, that he took from me, has helped somewhat. Then Padre Genocchi, that ever manly, courageous soul, undertook to hand over a paper from me to P. Lepidi. In it I distinguished between questions of *orthodoxy*, which were *his*, and of *policy* which were Cardinal Rampolla's, and on which I had spoken with the latter; and the question of *science*: that on this latter, after twenty years and more, I had a right, or felt a duty, to speak. That I wanted to put on record, with as much respect and temper, but also of whole-hearted conviction and finality as possible, my slowly acquired certainty that we were face to face, not with a question of individuals and their possible or real eccentricities; or of specific theological doctrines, true or false; but with that of a new science with its own immanent method, laws, and practically irresistible force; and with a question of faith only in this sense—as to whether its representatives and interpreters were or were not determined to declare that the faith can find no place within its borders for this science. That it was, to my mind, the case of Aristotelianism in the twelfth, and of Copernicanism in the seventeenth and in the eighteenth centuries over again, and that I thought I had a right to testify

in the matter, since, evidently, it requires a long, special acquaintance with such things to be able to tell, e.g. whether L. is or is not within the lines and traditions of sober, first-hand work. Well, that not only I, but all the really fruitful workers within and without the Church, were convinced that he was, and that we in no way asked for any approbation or honour; but merely for the Church to tolerate those who, after all, were carrying her name and influence among classes of men and minds, utterly indifferent or actively hostile to her more ordinary representatives; so that any censure would only again close these regions to the Church, without doing anything, to say the least of it, towards opening them to its other spokesmen. P. Genocchi brought back word that P. L. would be pleased to see me, after certain examinations, ten days hence; that he had at once read my letter, but had made it clear that he was much averse to protecting L., and that he was specially annoyed at L.'s treatment, in the *Religion d'Israël*, of a certain chapter in Escott, Chapter XXXIII concerning the Divine Omnipotence. I carefully studied up this latter point, or rather did so again, for I knew it well, and then went for my examination at the hands of Fr L. It really was that: Inspiration, Inerrancy, Development, Relativity, Scandal, Pious Ears, German Rationalism, French

fougue: we promenaded through these and cognate points for the long time mentioned above. I like him as a man sincerely, and I felt that he somehow liked me too; and such a thing helps. And then I felt sure that much was said and put because it was his business to do so; and I got the impression (and I have since had occasion to think I was right) that he is really against any censure. But how strangely the historic imagination, the sense of the *chasm* (strictly speaking) that separates far distant periods from each other, of the *necessary* shock and "scandal" of any truly objective account, not only of man's sins, but of God's most authentic condescensions towards man in the past, are wanting in such minds! The most interestingly significant of his points were: (1) he could not see why L. should not have simply said that God put His *virtue* upon the Ark, and have explained that this had nothing in the world to do with His omnipresence (to this I proposed that Fr L. should try the effect of teaching this doctrine in the words of that chapter, especially where Jahveh says "but I will not go in their midst," iv. 31. (2) He was annoyed that L. talked of an order to construct the Ark on that occasion, when there is not a word about it in the chapter. (I: All critics of various shades are agreed that such an order must have originally followed here, as in v. 7 we have

suddenly the Tabernacle really existing) and in the next Jehovistic passages (Numbers x. 33) the Ark also is suddenly there; and Deut. x. 1-5, distinctly presupposes the order and its execution to have taken place exactly at the time described in Exod. xxxiii. This order and execution must have originally stood between verses 6 and 7 of Exod. xxxiii; and L.'s only fault is here, as pretty generally, to talk somewhat above the heads of his audience, and to presuppose as much knowledge as he has himself); (3) He wanted to know whether I could or would affirm the existence of any single absolutely established fact clearly incompatible with the truth of any certain Biblical text. I: Such a question is too foreign to our entire habits of thought for us to answer: we do not study Scripture text by text, verse by verse; nor do we occupy ourselves, directly, at all with either affirming or denying its compatibility with other things; we are simply busy studying Scripture as a whole, and each part in the light of its context, and of the history, interior and exterior, of its time: (4) He affirmed that the reason why (I asked the question) it is not permissible for a Catholic to study Biblical history and literature like any other hist. and litt., (not, of course, with any *parti pris* against Revelation or Miracle; but have we such a spirit, we believe, when we study other

histories and literatures ?) is the conservation of the Sacred Books by the Synagogue and Church. I: is this an appeal, in defence of a strict Inspirational and Exegetical Theory, to *another theory* or to *demonstrable facts* ? If to a theory, surely we have got our argument into a tangle since we are but propping up one theory by another: we must somewhere be allowed to touch the terra firma of fact. But if to facts, it would be easy to show that, in exact proportion as we mount higher up and nearer to the sources, does this vaunted conservation become a thing surprisingly wide and elastic, e.g. the addition of whole passages to the text of the Law as late as 200 B.C., by the Septuagint translators, often held to be inspired. We workers would be quite content to work with as much liberty in our analyses as we can show existed in the transmission and (presumably) the constitution of the text; (5) his satisfaction with and acceptance of my repudiation of all *obiter dicta*, of all restriction of Inspiration to special *subjects*, and my affirmation that Inspiration carries Inerrancy with it; and even though I emphasized that this latter was for me but one more *technical theological term*, like “*original sin*,” or “*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*”; that it did not mean more for me than the assurance that everywhere God communicated *as much and that kind* of His truth

as could be assimilated by man at that time and place; and that nowhere, not even in the N.T., was this element of inevitable relativity wanting, for that God condescended to us, *not only to tell us truth but that we should be able to make something of it.*

‘I found that in this form he would stand practically anything, at least, when kept in general terms; (6) perhaps most of all his clinging much to a wish to get Catholic scholars to help him reconstitute the poor little defunct Biblical Society here (which gave me my chance of refusing to help or anything of the kind, till we are well out of the wood, and see what the authorities are going to do—and I am not the only one, who has spoken similarly; I have now written and repeated very respectfully but very firmly this my refusal, since he asked me to reconsider it); (7) and, lastly, flowing from this, his pathetically naïf plea, when I had quoted to him the *Leipzig Theol. Literaturzeitung* as saying when reviewing some half-dozen Catholic books on O.T. metrical matters, that Catholics excited and absorbed themselves over and in such trifles, simply because Our Most Holy Father allows such *safe* studies, but no others: “Come, join us here; and I promise you—yes—you shall have the *whole geography of Palestine!*”

‘I am so deeply gratified at having Mignot here, every inch a man, and a man of faith; for it is hard,

fighting so much alone. For not only have I had the anxiety of Batiffol (he left to-day, I am relieved to feel; with Mgr Mignot limiting some mischief that he was helping on, poor man), but Duchesne, too, though D. would never, I feel happily sure, work against us, keeps studiously out of it all, and vigorously throws cold water on us, whenever he can buttonhole us. It is very saddening to me, loving him as I do, to see a mind, originally and naturally so nobly fearless, now so without nerve or determination. It is as though he had lost all faith in human nature, all power to throw himself out towards the painful making of history, the helping to put something where nothing is, the helping on that new creation, without which truth itself dies out amidst us, poor makers or marrers of our own spiritual destiny, entirely though this is, at the same time, in and through us, from God.

‘I love, my dear good friend, to think that, though I answer so late, I have at last, let you have those three *Euckeniana*. They will give you *some* idea of that rich, deeply sincere and religious mind; that I have, in my poor odd moments, read with so much appreciation, your new Preface, that to *Faith of the Millions*; that that capital, surely most cheering Semeria came to you (mind you tell me how you liked him!); but, as I said before, Mgr

Mignot's speech is sure to please you (couldn't you translate it for "W.R."¹ or Britten, or something or somebody?); and that this letter, too, will, I expect, interest you. I can most truthfully declare that no day passes, but you are at least thrice definitely in my prayers; as you are one of that little band, scattered throughout space, but united, I feel happily confident, in its struggles, prayers, and ideals, which ever cheers me on, to try and do better, to give more really all, gratefully, and to accept the *something* that comes of it. I find lots more has to stand over. But it really is your turn now. I will only add that Mgr Mignot has just found out, through someone's indiscretion, that L.'s case has been withdrawn from both Inquisition and Index, and has been transformed into a *special commission on the Biblical question*; also that Card. Richard has succeeded in thoroughly rousing H.H. against those who are understood to have made game of the *Providentissimus*.

'Your very affectionate friend,

'F. VON HÜGEL.'

To this letter Tyrrell replied, 3rd January 1902.

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'Your letter is simply bewildering in the multiplicity and intensity of its interests and I hardly

¹ *Weekly Register*.

know where to begin. Also I should trespass not merely on your time, but, what is worse, on your attention, were I to launch out on certain oceans of thought which it suggests, in which my wanderings are too rudderless and haphazard to be worth chronicling. What I am fullest about is what you say about Prof. Scheler—the manner in which, Loisy excepted, we Churchmen evade the *inevitable* “quid inde?” that arises out of those data of Biblical investigation that some of us are not slow in collecting. As with S. Edmund’s bones, the conclusion will soon be drawn for us by outsiders and we shall find ourselves with no *modus vivendi* if we now burn the boats that L. has prepared for our escape. I have carefully read and studied his *Études*, his *Religion d’Israël*, and his articles in the *Revue d’Histoire* on Genesis and Babylonian myths; whence I draw the principle: Inspiration means the progressive spiritualizing and refining of those gross embodiments in which man expresses his own ideas and sentiments about God. Thus the Eucharist is the last refinement of an idea originally gross and superstitious—the idea of sacrifice, partly refined in the Law: further, in prophets; finally, in Christ. Christ’s whole “revelation” was little else but a further correction of the better sort of religion which he found in Israel. The “Our Father” was not new in words, but

He put a new meaning to it; no longer "Our" in an exclusive nationalistic sense, but in an all-inclusive Catholic sense; no longer the ceremonial taboo of the Sacred Name, but the spiritual and practical reverence of the Nature for which it stands; no longer a zeal for the Kingdom of the comparatively poorly-conceived Messiahs of the prophets, but for the Kingdom of God in men's hearts. S. Paul is plain enough on this point when he distinguishes the true from the carnal seed of Abraham, etc., etc., and spiritual from fleshly, circumcision. The principle is plain but we shrink from its consistent application, because we secretly think the *material* sense is *true*, and the spiritual unreal—the husks appeal to our mental appetite, but the Manna of Angels is a thin food for mortal stomachs. . . .

'Semeria's short visit was like a sudden burst of sunshine to me. But his hopefulness is too obviously physical in its basis to be solidly reassuring. For one who begins life with the fullness of popular Catholicism the disillusionments of criticism are not so costing as for one who has climbed up somewhat laboriously to that position at the cost of a good deal of needless intellectual torture, and is now forced step by step down to the level of sane Christianity. I feel that S. does not, perhaps cannot, know experimentally the horrors

of pure negation; that his sense of the extremest possible issue of honest criticism is more "notional" than "real." In all else, I felt abundantly in sympathy with the humour of the man, and his all-saving sense of the ridiculous—that salt for lack of which so much corruption has invaded theology.'

We see, in the last quoted paragraph, that Tyrrell, the 'non-expert,' foresaw more clearly than his 'expert' friend the possibly devastating character of the study on which von Hügel had long been embarked, and on which Tyrrell was beginning to venture. Von Hügel's calm is almost amazing as shown in these letters, and forms a marked contrast to the turmoil of many other minds; minds of believing Catholics, to whom these problems were new and subversive. He partly explains the phenomenon in a letter which follows; and we have to remember that the subject was not new to him, as it was, comparatively, to Tyrrell. Yet, for all that, it was also, I think, by reason of his more sensitive antennae that the latter realized at once the storm and trouble that were in front of them.

Then again, von Hügel was, as I have said, a born diplomatist, and where Tyrrell sensed a tragedy von Hügel sensed a complication, to be dealt with politically so far as possible. He was an older man; much of his keenest spiritual and

intellectual suffering was already in the past, and he seemed able to face the problems to which he was introducing another with a personal tranquillity that could not be shared by every one.

He was also a keen strategist, and he soon became anxious lest others should mar his plan of campaign by any impetuous movement.

Thus he writes from Rome on 8th January 1902 :

‘As to your remarks about the Biblical commission, and especially your determination to write in the *Pilot* about it, I hope you will kindly carefully bear in mind that both Archbishop Mignot and I look upon it as distinctly a check to the other party and as a result of our poor hard work which it would be very unwise for us to attack or weaken. Since I wrote to you, one behind the scenes and whom I can absolutely trust both as to his intentions, competence and opportunities of knowing what and why it happened, has told me how various *intransigeants* and men who had figured in the denunciations of Loisy had been proposed for the Commission, but had all been rejected, since its very object had been to form a break-water behind which we might work in tolerable comfort and fair security, since complainants would be now referred to the members of the Commission in their respective countries. For the Commission is to be a permanent one, and its members will not

permanently change their abode—and the full list which I have now of the names (not yet public, and I do not want it printed anywhere even that I know; although the whole thing will, of course, appear before very long) entirely bears out my informant's account. There are on it several warm admirers and disciples of L.; there is on it not one name of any one who has denounced him, and only one or two who oppose him even as scholar does and can oppose scholar. I am clear, with my informant, that the ultras will most certainly be discontented and will straight away work to undermine the status and credit of the Commission, so as to reintroduce the direct appeal to the Congregations. And this being so, I think it would be simply disastrous if we, on our parts, in any way helped on this same consummation. The more we help the Commission to become an institution, and one of a passively resistant, safety-valve kind; the less ambitiously it is conceived, but the more respectfully it is treated, the better—until and unless the situation again changes. I am quite clear that Rome will be very glad if she can shunt the conflict and the crisis on to such a side-line of traffic, as it were. Of course, disappointments and surprises of various sorts may be in store for us; and nothing is ideal, purely so, here below, nor is this arrangement perfect all round. But

when I think that (after all) so shrewd an observer as Batiffol scouted the possibility of our being let off without an immediate formal condemnation of someone or something, even so lately as three weeks ago; and that, in July last, all those best able to judge here thought our ship sinking fast; it is evident that we have gained something very substantial, or that can be made so. Altogether, the trial here is not from fanaticism: that really comes from outside: France and England are pretty good at its manufacture and at pressing it upon the authorities here. It comes from historico-critical incompetence and worldly-political ambitions. Trying, painful things, but things essentially different from fanaticism. And even if they were eventually to seem so or actually to act fanatically, it would be because they had, from one of the two already mentioned weaknesses, succumbed to its onslaught directed from outside. When one realizes at all vividly, in its astonishing depth, strength and breadth, the evolution, almost invisible because of its substantial swiftness and silence, through which our religious categories are passing; when one clearly grasps what it means that L. should have been examined here in detail and under the pressure of relentless foes, pressure exercised upon people without a spark of enthusiasm or of real comprehension for and of such

questions; and that after years of denunciations (for the thing has hardly ever stopped for the last eight years) we have still no condemnation, but a commission with not one of his denouncers, and with some of his warm friends on it, a commission which, from its very constitution, will be largely passive and "break-water" in its character: I think it would be wrong not to take a little cheerful, hopeful rest, of thankfulness and of re-constitutive hope, getting thus ready for such fast battles or, please God, strenuous labours, as God, in slow self-manifestation, may demand of our poor wills, rendered, we pray, indomitable by His mysterious strength.'

He writes, 4th June, 1902:

'If then I were asked to sum up the upshot for my mind of the impressions of these last six weeks, I would say that it comes to this: "The world is wide and rich, complex and difficult, my masters. The battle in it, the struggle upwards and inwards of life and light is slow, varied, often checked and thrown back. Those that try and push matters on must be prepared for more or less of martyrdom. But, oh joy!—things move, things grow, light comes, and souls are helped, for all that, and all that, and not one pang, or sigh, or tear of the labourers or the self-purifiers is lost or

fails to go directly to help on this increase of life for souls.

‘Work, work away at your German, *mind*, and please !

‘Your very affectionate old Friend,

‘F. VON HÜGEL.’

Then we come to a letter of 28th November 1902 as to which he afterwards conceived some misgivings.

‘I *am* so pleased at your appreciation of Nicolas of Coes, indeed, a great and astonishingly rich, living, and expansive mind, and of Johannes Weiss, surely a *great*-little book. I do not know what book taught me a more fundamental historico-religious lesson—or indeed, one which goes deeper and ranges further than the point he brings home to one with conclusive power. I must admit that, till I read him, I myself (I only realized it then) had been clinging to that originally—an *interior* and *present* Kingdom of Heaven, later on a predominantly *external* and *future* modification (more or less deterioration) of the doctrine. And now that we all—Casciola, Fawkes, you, I—must manfully learn to realize and admit that that view is simply *not true*. Grand as a centrally interior and already present Kingdom of Heaven view is ; true as I think it is, properly and carefully worked and under-

* stood: yet it is not the originally directly taught and intended doctrine, but one which, when we have found and experimentally proved it true, we have to trace to our Lord's immense stimulation, enrichment and revelation of the soul's inner life indeed, but which is so large a restatement and modification of His original, direct message, that we are, I think, driven to two conclusions. The conception of human life as, even fundamentally and permanently, not simply present and not solely spiritual and moral, cannot be simply a popular mistake and caricature of the real truth, unless the very substance of Christianity has ceased to be *normative* for us. And the Church's at first sight *omnium gatherum* sort of a Kingdom of Heaven presentation, and its putting this ever into the future, will be, in some important respects, more primitive, *because of these very features*, than a Tolstoyan sublimation and contraction of it all to one unchanged, indeed immutable point.—I am, no doubt, only paraphrasing, but still I have felt the thing strongly for some time now. And I was a bit vexed to note how readily Fawkes discounted L.'s surely wonderful little book. I see, of course, exactly *why* he does so. He is busy with the abuses and blind alleys of our system; and he jibs at anything which brings, apparently, a fresh sanction to it. Yet it is surely evident that this sanction would

turn out to be of a kind which, in the very act of sanctioning, would also renovate the Catholic conception. For a thing which is divine, at bottom, because it had and has to be, and because a constant re-interpretation and re-adaptation of the original message and life is required, since that life is divine in its substance, but indefinitely variable and contingent in its form: such a thing loses its very *raison d'être* in proportion as it cannot, however reasonably slowly, yet really and fully, find room and stimulation for the deepest cravings and ideals of the human mind and conscience throughout time and space. And, anyhow, before even seeing whether such a view of Christ's teaching and of "pure Christianity" helps or hinders Ultramontaniam, we really must manfully find out whether it is true or not. I think it undoubtedly *is*. And I have so far a right to speak, since not only have I worked long and hard at these things, but because I do not think any discovery cost me, emotionally, as much to finally accept as this one.'

Not having heard from Tyrrell for a little while von Hügel became anxious as to the effect this last letter might have produced, and he wrote again, 4th December 1902:¹

¹ See *Selected Letters*.

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I hardly know exactly *how* or *why*—unless it be in part your, after all not long, silence—I come to have a strong and abiding, unreasoned and, so far, irrepressible impression that you are in interior trouble and trial—of a specially strong kind or degree: but I know that I *have* this impression. And as, even if (as of course I hope) I am quite wrong, such a spontaneous solicitude can but spring, I think, from deep affection and sympathy; and as its expression, with so much else to plan and do, can but appear as what it for me is—as a mark of that attachment and deep appreciation which I bear you—why, I think it will be worth while to put my own work aside for a bit, and, with *tête reposée*, to write and tell you of my impression.—And I feel all the more interiorly pressed to do so, because, at H. Com. yesterday, two clear pricks of conscience—one is a big one, and one a little one—worked within me and shaped themselves into a resolve of this letter to you. I felt how that I had urged too much or too rapidly upon you the Wernle-Troeltsch-Weiss-Loisy contention as to the large element of Hereafter and Non-morality in the First Form of Christianity. I am deeply conscious how that, in my own case, it has been the merciful condescension of God, which has generally given me my spiritual and

mental food so piecemeal in such manageable and far-between fragments, which has also by this enabled me to keep and improve and add to, I hope and think, my convictions (and their centre and life-giving power) as to Him, and our Lord, and His Church. But, of course, even so, there have been crises and trials, sometimes acute, and rarely altogether absent. And I am sure there must be points which, so far, are quite unknown to me, and which God is most wisely and mercifully keeping from me, as I am not ripe, and may never be ripe, for them. And it isn't as if, in your case, I had felt or were feeling now, that that Interiority and Presence of the Kingdom were, in itself, untrue, or not the very centre of religion. So that any at all permanent obscuration of this Blondel-Münsterberg-Fichte line would, I feel, be the losing of the deepest truth, for one which will, somehow, in the long run, but help to still further deepen and clarify and enrich that other.—I also feel that my last note had been somehow feverish and absolute in tone, and had said more than I meant, or had said it badly. And so I determined to make these two little confessions. And also to tell you—not, God knows, as measuring myself against you, even if you *are* in darkness, for it may be my turn next!—that, thank God, without having any popular, immediately clear answers ready, with-

out, indeed, being free from the keen feeling of the difficulties of the position—I *do* feel that, at bottom, and in the long run, all is well. I mean, that it will all be found, in the slow, intermittent, combined and mutually supplementary and corrective devotednesses and patient light-awaitings of us all, to have been occasioned by, and to have a place in, that ever deeper apprehension of the mystery of life and of love, and of the necessity for their continuous, painful deepening within our hearts, which Christianity has indefinitely increased and developed, just because it is life at its most fruitful and most self-conscious point.

‘I must beg humble pardon for going on, even as much as this, since I may be wrong, and there may be no occasion; and if there is occasion, this would be so far too little, in quality at all events! I need not say I hope that if and when you like, I would listen, so affectionately and respectfully, to anything you might have to say, and I could promise, I think, even to learn before answering, and not necessarily to say anything at all.’

This letter crossed one from Tyrrell, in which the latter speaks of the point at issue in regard to the Kingdom of God—it is dated 4th December 1902.

‘I have tried to put into words—in a footnote to an article that may appear in January—what

seems to me a possible synthesis of the Weiss and Harnack (i.e. outward-future and inward-timeless) views of the Kingdom of God. The solution is on the lines of the Mysteries article. Fichte makes a certain future *Zustand* the term for which the inner life of conscience is making—a change of nature, connoting a change of environment; for the two are correlative. The Future Kingdom, given us in apocalyptic clothing in the Gospel, is, I suspect, the natural *development*, not merely extension, continuation, deepening, of that inner Kingdom of Love which Christ describes *in its own terms*. His emphasis is on the life of love (as opposed to legalism) as being the true preparation for the future development of the spirit into something over-human in an over-natural environment. The *nature* of that development and of the pure will world or society of spirits—all that he leaves *mysterious* and paints in terms of current eschatological fancies; but as to the *via* he is clear and decisive. However, I will send you the passage in proof in a few days.’

But on 5th December 1902 he answered von Hügel’s letter of 4th December: ¹

‘MY VERY BEST OF FRIENDS,

‘I cannot thank you too much for this last mark of your affection. My letter of yesterday will

¹ Published amongst *The Letters of George Tyrrell*.

show that your telepathy was not altogether at fault, and that my mind has of late been much filled with the problem in question. Weiss's book impressed me profoundly—not with a new idea but by a complete confirmation of an old half-faced suspicion. Still the temporary *bouleversement* of my ideas did not in any appreciable way affect my general faith or hope or even good spirits. Indeed I am too accustomed to such crises of alternating night and day to doubt but that the sun will appear again, and that seeming loss of truth is the condition of fuller gain. We get our food in blocks and periodically like the lions in the Zoo and not like babes in a continual stream from our mother's breast; and I am not sure that I don't sometimes long for a good tough block and rejoice when it comes. Now and then—now, for example—it is so tough and big that one's courage is for the moment balked; but my letter will have shown you that I have flung myself upon it and am trying to assimilate it though it should cost me every tooth in my jaw.

'And then, my dear kind friend, as to your "economizing" with me for my own peace' sake, I don't think you understand how absolutely, and indeed culpably, little I have ever cared about my own soul, my present or future peace, except as a condition of helpfulness to others. It is a natural

affection that has been left out of my composition for some strong purpose. Like Moses, I had rather be damned with the mass of humanity than saved alone or even with a minority; and so I could not bear to think that there were faith or moral difficulties, pressing on others of which I knew nothing; and that I owed my stability to any sort of ignorance or half-view. All the vast help you have given me—and surely I have grown from a boy to a man since I knew you—has been in opening up my eyes to an ever fuller and deeper knowledge of the data of the great problem of life. I have never troubled you or any one with my inward autobiography; but I feel sure if you knew all you would have no anxiety for so non-personal a being as myself. Perhaps when *S. Catherine* is safely in circulation I may explain myself more fully.'

In this chapter I have endeavoured to give, from their own words, the history of Tyrrell's introduction to the field of Biblical criticism, and to show the part that von Hügel played in this matter. But I will add some passages from a letter to Père Henri Bremond, which will throw a side-light on what was passing in Tyrrell's mind.

Thus, on 18th September 1902 he wrote:

'CARISSIME,

' . . . The Baron has come and gone, and left me, as usual, with more to think of than I can

digest. I wish he would draw up a list, not of what he doesn't believe but of what he does. A few months ago Dr Engels¹ seemed to me an ultra-liberal; now he seems an ultra-montane. Were it not for men like Caird and Eucken I don't know where I should be, but these men have touched what Jesus Christ touched. Doubtless God speaks in history, but it is a polysyllabic word of which we miss the ends and therewith the meaning; and unless He is to be found within each soul He is practically unfindable. I think honestly that when I live for that inward God of my ideals I find some sort of peace and life, and that elsewhere I find none. And that experimental proof is perhaps all I have a right to expect. It is as near as I can get to reality.

'I read more and more, and write less and less every day.

'Ever yours affectionately.'

And there is a pathetic letter of 29th December 1902:

'CARISSIME,

'Your Madonna reproaches my unseasonable silence; but I dare say you trust me more than to mistake my motives. It has been a bad Xmas for me, and "*lampades nostrae exstinguuntur*" has

¹ One of Tyrrell's pseudonyms.

been on the tip of my tongue all the while. Saying the midnight mass for the nuns for whom it was all so real, life-giving, factual and tangible I could fain have cried out "Date nobis de oleo vestro," hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt and loathing the thin and windy manna of criticism and truth. And then, appealing to my emotional feebleness, round came the waits at 2 a.m. with their "Glad tidings of great joy" till I could have damned all the critics into hell, if they had but left me such a receptacle. However, they wound up with a somewhat dolorous rendering of "So long Thy power hath blessed me, etc." And so I went asleep with a vague hope that in some, as yet unguessable, way, we should find the synthesis, and that the Angel-faces of the beliefs, loved long since and lost awhile, would shine out on us again glorified and eternalized. After all, it is the fault of the official guardians, and not ours, that the said lamps have burnt so low, though it is we who suffer the darkness. Had they been steadily replenished and trimmed, needful changes had been effected noiselessly and without cataclysms.'

And now for a few reflections on this somewhat tragic story. Was it a happy thing for Tyrrell and his life-work that he was pressed into this particular line of study?

He had, at an earlier date, deliberately set aside all intention to devote himself to Scriptural studies, and had, for this reason, abandoned the study of Hebrew. He was now forty years old, and had become a marked figure for his spiritual and religious works. He had been on the mission field, and had been much loved as priest and confessor. He was, of course, a restless, pugnacious being, and bound to have at least occasional trouble both by reason of his temperament and by reason of his bold and fearless thought. He was not a man to shut his eyes to what was happening even outside his own line of study; and he would certainly have taken some count of Biblical scholarship, even had he taken no direct part in it. But, without the pressure exercised on him by the baron's absorption in the subject, he would not have made it his own. His contribution to it, from the Catholic point of view, would have been in the spirit of the last quoted letter to Bremond—it would have been by a deepened spirituality that the Gospels would have survived all the questions and problems of criticism.

It was not Tyrrell's subject, and he had not time to make it his subject. And yet he saw further than von Hügel what the latter was up against.

Von Hügel had a twofold aim—first, to rouse the mind of the Church to a consideration of the historical problem; next to show how faith could surmount all the apparent dangers of that problem.

He succeeded perhaps better in the first of these aims than in the second, because the second can only be solved by a much longer process than can be fitted into the life of one man.

There are those who cared nothing for Tyrrell's life and action within the Church, and, for them, his *excursus* into the field of Biblical criticism is in no way to be regretted. But those who treasured his value as a Catholic teacher—and I am one of them—may admit that his action, in this respect, was valuable in the way of bursting certain barriers, of opening the way for others, and yet may hold that he was, to some extent, diverted from what he could do better. Biblical criticism demands the whole life and his was half gone when he began. To the end, in even those works wherein he most directly dealt with the results of criticism, such as *Christianity at the Cross Roads*, it is in their spiritual aspect that they are most valuable. And thus, knowing both men as I did, I regret the baron's insistent effort to share that particular interest of his own with one whose proper field of action was elsewhere.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRESSURE OF AUTHORITY

THERE is no concealing the fact that both these men were conscious of the pressure of authority, and the check it exercised on their aims and activities. Both strove to find place in the Church for new truth and knowledge; both felt that they were up against an authoritative resistance to their efforts.

The majority of the faithful, who have no interest in religious problems, have no painful consciousness of the weight of authority; those who are in touch with outside criticism and objections are subject to the double strain from without and from within.

Von Hügel had had long experience of this struggle, even before he met Tyrrell; but the latter, as priest and religious, was bound to suffer more directly whenever trouble arose. And then, as was inevitable, these two men, of such different mind and character, reacted, each in his own way, under the trial.

But in studying these two forms of reaction, from their own words, the reader should not forget

that in both cases there is the same endeavour, not exactly to mould authority, but to placate it, to manage it, to obtain tolerance, if not approval.

There is a well-known saying of Abbé Huvelin, addressed to von Hügel: 'Pour vous, toujours la vérité, jamais l'orthodoxie.' In its practical issue that phrase might also have been expressed as 'Truth first, authority second'; and there is no doubt that von Hügel's life was spent, in great part, in adjusting these two claims—even more for others than for himself.

But von Hügel was never rash and impetuous; he had a rooted regard for *correctness*, in word and conduct; he was a diplomat and a politician. Tyrrell, on the contrary, was of the militant temperament; his words flowed spontaneously on to the paper; he had the vivid style and expression which accorded with his impulsive temperament.

And so we will now follow the reaction of these two, deeply Catholic, workers to the blows of authority. For both of them that authority was, in its measure, sacred; for both of them it was also limited, in virtue of its mixed human and spiritual character.

Father Tyrrell's first serious trouble was occasioned by an article entitled *A Perverted Devotion*, on the doctrine of eternal punishment, about which the baron wrote to him on 4th March 1900:

'MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

'I feel more than usually sorry and guilty at having left your kindnesses so long unacknowledged; for you have been in trouble,¹ and a word of sympathy from one's friends—though it is no cure—is yet—who has not himself experienced it?—a very precious gift of God. But I know well that you will have felt sure how entire and constant my sympathy is with your work and ideal, with what you have done (so quite astonishingly much) and with what you would do and still do (so much more again). I can say in all simple truth that, since Newman's death, there has been no English-speaking Catholic whose work appeals to me, and pierces, I think, to the very centre of questions, to a degree at all really comparable to yours. And *your* trouble has, hence, been most really *my* trouble also. Accustomed as I am, for now well-nigh thirty years, to find my friends and helpers having to scud before the gale, or to lie low and spend a good part of their life and strength in avoiding, parrying, or anticipating blows—I was still hoping that *you* might somehow, with the (temporary) loss of your professorship of now some years ago, have paid your price, and that no further check would come. Still, considering everything, we have even now much

¹ In regard to the article *A Perverted Devotion*.

cause for gratitude and unbroken trust for, after all, it has only come *now*; and, even now, it is more trying than destructive, even, I take it, for the moment. But there are pretty sure to be details about it all, known only to yourself and to immediate persons concerned, petty, easily embittering details, which you will rise above in magnanimous obliviousness, since, amongst other things, the splendid *nerve* and strong, mellow tone of your writings must not and will not suffer—too many souls require you and your writings too much, for *that* to happen at all. And yet, among that really noble gallery of friends of mine, I have, at close quarters, been able to see, from week to week, sometimes from day to day, how difficult this non-diminution of confidence and productiveness is. Newman, Duchesne, Blondel—it would be untrue to say that any one of these did not and does not produce less or differently than they, otherwise, could and would have done. Loisy, in these respects, is amazing; and Laberthonnière very good.

It has been in good part these latter three friends, and my poor attempts to be of some sympathy and service to them, that have helped make my writing slow to come: for poor Blondel is very delicate in health and oppressed in spirits just now in his poor, Mistral-swept, out-of-the-

way little Aix: Laberthonnière is courageous and busy indeed as ever, but pretty sad too, as who is not, who has eyes in his head to see; and as to Duchesne, I would see him still more than I do, if I did not feel that *he* is much more effectual in depressing me than I am in cheering him. I fear the chances of his ever now producing some great and really characteristic book are over and gone, and not likely ever to return. What a pity!—and my poor, very dear sister's illness—although there has been, these last three weeks, a remarkable momentary halt and improvement—also occasions, of course, much additional writing and planning, although having my second girl there is a very great relief, and is answering beautifully.

I all the more have been wanting to write, as not only are there your two sad, but most interesting letters to thank you for,¹ but also those three printed matters: *A Perverted Devotion*, the Preface to *St Francis of Sales*,² and the first article on Mother Julian. As to the former, I do not think you have ever written anything finer, perhaps never anything quite so fine. It is so deep and tender too, so full of the mystery of Faith and of the world unseen—that I have been a bit annoyed at its having, amongst my friends, been so much

¹ These letters are evidently missing.

² In 'The Saints' series.

admired for its wit and delightful, astonishingly adroit and supple form—much as it deserves this admiration also. The annoyance of the opponents of the paper is as intelligible as it is amusing: they evidently feel themselves hit, without being able, really, to hit back. It is somewhat as with Loisy, as Duchesne says of him—he worries his antagonists, his whole attitude of mind and treatment of subjects being so different from theirs, that they slip about the premisses, trying to find a common starting-point and measure, and failing utterly. Good. . . .

‘As to the Mivart case, I have been much struck with one point perhaps more than any other. It seems to me to prove so plainly, *not* the point which it has, of course, been at once taken as illustrating by the short-cut-and-regulation-above-all-things people—viz. that only the most rigid attention and submission to Roman Congregations, etc., will keep us straight; but quite another point, viz. that without an active, carefully fostered spiritual, mystical life and habit of mind, a hungering and thirsting after what is above and beyond the power of all the natural or indeed any sciences to awaken or to supply—a man remains or becomes but half a man, uninteresting and vulgar (even simply intellectually), and of course ceases to have all patience with the im-

perfect administration, and even all tenderness for the real requirements and duties, of a religion which has ceased to stimulate and to supply a faculty and want of his nature. And, no doubt, connected with this, that Venus Madonna bit, and the apparently total want of sympathy and appreciation of any Incarnation doctrine, any immanence of the Divine in the human—struck me, the first as positively repulsive, the second as strangely shallow. It no doubt shows the limits and weakness of the purely natural science temper of mind; for whatever may be the specific weaknesses of the historical or again of the philosophical frame of mind, those weaknesses are very distinct and different from those exhibited by Mivart here.—But now the thing that in all this strikes me as so instructive is, how near, how remarkably near he and his neo-scholastic adversaries stand to one another, not in their conclusions, but in their tone and habit of mind: for both he and they are strangely irreverent, without history and development, without apprehensions, intuitions, instincts, trusts—without a shred of atmosphere—moon-landscapes, both of them. How on earth the one is really to cure the other, I do not see, or rather, I see clearly that it won't, and can't.—And meanwhile this temper will, of course, for a while at least, be but increased among our people. . . .'

And in the same letter, he refers to the anti-English feeling in Rome, and says:

‘. . . But it is impossible to live here, and be a little behind the scenes, and not to know what is the determining cause of the deep anti-English animus of the authorities here. Frequent, e.g. the Merry del Val’s drawing-room, or catch out these people when they at all explain the reasons of their rancour—and you will find it is that old affair, the Temporal Power and its abolition, and England’s having made the latter possible, that fills them still with ever-vivid wrath and vindictiveness. . . .’

In his answer, of 10th March 1900, Tyrrell says, after giving an account of his own affair in regard to the obnoxious article:

‘I feel exactly as you do about Mivart. At present he is a useful object lesson to me on the necessity of keeping one’s temper. Gibson goes about shaking his head and saying: “See what comes of scholasticism!”—and there is much truth in the gibe. I should not find it hard to subside into silence now, for, as you say, it is wonderful how much I have been allowed to do; and I could still go on writing quietly and supplying other people with matter. But what I fight for is, lest the enemy finding it quite easy to walk over me

should, elated with success, try to bring all my *past* work under censure. I hear that Merry del Val is not satisfied with "External Religion," etc. etc.; and even the cardinal tells me complaints have been made.

'The best policy, I half think, would be not to oppose but to fan the flame of this "authority-fever": to get them to declare the infallibility of every congregation, of the General of the Jesuits, of every Monsignorino in Rome: to define the earth to be a flat plate supported on pillars, and the sky a dish-cover: in short, to let them run their head full tilt against a stone wall, in hopes it may wake them up to sober realities.

'The *reductio ad absurdum* is God's favourite argument—to let evils work themselves out and so manifest their true nature. Nothing else ever carries widespread conviction.'

On 19th August 1900,¹ von Hügel wrote apropos of a little pamphlet of which I have already spoken:

'MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

'I return you herewith the *Wallawashee Tribe* paper, with very many thanks. I have read it all, much of it twice over, with very great attention, continuous sympathy, and rare intellectual delight. I have got, to be accurate, to qualify the delight

¹ This letter is published, in part, among the *Selected Letters*.

in this way, because there is of course a profound and pathetic melancholy running through the paper, which does not become less so to one, because one realizes how inevitable, indeed, well-grounded, it is, and because one cannot but ask oneself how long this constraint and trial is to last, and with what results. As to these latter, I am thinking of the loss to the cause of truth and religion, and the pain to yourself, if this limitation on your self-expression and spiritual radiation were long to continue. With your sensitive nature and delicate health, and immense need of indefinite activity and self-communication, a long course of silence and repression would be too painfully trying to yourself, for me to be able to bear to think of it as probable. I rather love to remember that all may still be better, much sooner, and in other ways and by other instruments than we, in our blindness, can guess or foresee. And you have the quality which is as real an advantage, in the long run, with, I think, almost all others, as it is the one refuge throughout life for oneself. I am thinking, of course, of your spiritual-mindedness, which is every bit as marked a feature of yours as breadth of sympathy or freshness of thought. And already, years ago, Duchesne said to me, and I have so often found him right, in the lives of my various friends and of my own: "Work away

in utter sincerity and open-mindedness; lead as deep and devoted a spiritual life as you can; renounce, from the first, and every day, every hope or wish for more than toleration; and then, with those three activities and dispositions, trust and wait with indomitable patience and humility, to be tolerated and excused. You will find that, if only you have patience and magnanimity enough to wait so long, and to work so hard, and to put up with, apparently, such a small result—*that* result will not fail you: you will be put up with not more, not one inch more: but *that* much you will achieve.” And so far, I have watched and seen this come true, in that in-the-long-run, and more-or-less way in which things do come about, outside of books; and with times of crisis and interruption which, again, look romantic only in books, but which I have had to note as the bread of the strong. . . .’

On 12th November 1900 Tyrrell wrote:

‘. . . I find my own *interior* position getting harder every day as the idea takes clearer and firmer shape that all that stands in the Church’s way may be summed up in the one word “Jesuitism.” I do not, as you know, mean Ignatianism—a notion which I tried to separate from Jesuitism in the *Testament of Ignatius Loyola*. Nor do I mean

that the Jesuits are the only transgressors; but that their influence is all abroad in the modern Church like an atmosphere—"jesuits and jesuited persons," as the Elizabethan penal statute says. I believe it is an influence that crept into the Society from outside, from the government-notions prevalent in those countries where the Society first flourished; that these despotic, illiberal, most un-Ignatian principles were used, naturally, one may say, in the expansion of the Society's constitutions, building up earth upon a foundation of stone; and were thus incorporated, perpetuated, and through S.J. influence extended to the government of the Church. This is very clear in the additions of Claude Aquaviva introduced to check the "liberalism" to which S. Ignatius had given impetus; and all later addition has been of the same kind. With this clue in his hand an historian might deal more intelligently with the S.J. than has been done so far. Can you imagine, e.g., S. Ignatius writing this rule for the Professor of Theology: "He shall not quote heterodox authors save to refute them; nor shall he ever praise them; and if they have said anything well, he shall try to show that they have borrowed it from Catholic sources"? . . .'

' . . . Then for me comes the personal question: Can I, seeing all this, live a lie? And my only

answer is that I have more right to eat the bread of Ignatius than the rest of them, and that there is a distinction analogous to that between Christianity and Christians, Catholicism and Catholics. That is simple enough; but what presses me now is that it is not, in my case, a distinction between Jesuits and Jesuitism. Rather, it is the latter than the former I dislike. The true analogy would be if a pseudo-Catholicism had supplanted the genuine, and I were still to go on calling myself a Catholic, meaning secretly a genuine Catholic, though, ostensibly, a pseudo-Catholic. That is how the ethical problem is shaping. However, it is clear that nothing short of absolute cogency would justify me in a step so fraught with distress to others, and triumph to my ill-wishers; so calculated to undo whatever little I have done to widen the narrower-minded. . . .'

The baron's answer, a very long letter, dealing with other matters also, is dated 26th December 1900. In regard to Tyrrell's position he writes as follows:

' . . . As to your literary prospects, I do much hope that you *will* publish, republish your *Month* articles. Their falling below your own standard has, I think, little to do with the matter. You, no doubt, still substantially believe what you there

say, and they are so delightfully above our ordinary level, they will help do so much towards raising it, for the good of God alone can say *how* many souls—that I truly long to see a good fat volume of all of them appearing soon, and without any hitch or hubbub.—But even further. I can't see (but the notion is so obvious that it must have occurred to you, and there must be rocks below or ahead) why you should not publish your second series of Oxford Lectures (the delightful extracts from which make me long for more, and *that* more in print), first as so many separate *Month* articles; and then the volume could appear as just those articles, collected together.

'As to your change of Provincial, Fr Seddon, in Bournemouth, told me first, and he and you give quite the same description of the situation. It is certainly hard and trying; but I ask myself whether it may not, after all, be better, if that other side do thus and elsewhere go ahead. For matters can surely not go permanently beyond a certain point; and their going beyond it for a time may more quickly ensure their coming to a more tolerable state. What an astonishing letter that evidently was about Stonyhurst philosophy in the *Tablet*! Really, that type of mind and "education" makes one feel, with a sad bewilderment, that no ironical or sarcastic skit or caricature that

we could make of it can come up to the strange reality.—On the whole matter of your situation, I only see *some* points clearly, some alternatives, and pros and cons. They cannot be new to you, but I will put them down, for what they may be worth. My mind is somehow occupied, not with the truthfulness of your position, (for, after all, whoever runs may read, and in print, pretty well all you really think, and *that* has, even to this moment, been mostly formally passed, and all of it finally put up with by the authorities of the Order, so that your endorsement of the central and generally official action of the Order in such matters exists, after all, but for such as know you so little, that they can hardly draw any conclusions as to the real significance of your life)—but with the pros and cons of any possible alternative action on your part. For I do not feel sufficiently bound up with any Order, your own included, much to mind damage accruing to it, provided such damage do not hurt the cause of religion and of the Church. And I was struck to find that whereas, as I understand, the theologians of your Order, at all events nowadays, treat the leaving of the Order, after the taking of solemn vows, as equivalent to leaving the Church; the English Benedictines, e.g., as one of their most fervent and learned members declared to me only the other

day, would not think of treating the leaving of them, even after solemn vows, as necessarily equivalent to leaving the Church. I feel as though, if this latter view is that of the general Church authorities with respect to all religious Orders (your own included, I have no idea whether it is or not); and if there was reason to suppose that one could keep or regain an influence and an audience by becoming a simple secular priest, doing it all, of course, with as great an observance of all forms, and with as little of any vindictive or partisan spirit as possible: that then if, after considerable waiting and trying to work things, matters settled down into a practically complete intellectual self-extinction, one could and might move. But what I would so much fear and regret is that, even here in England (in spite of many without, and indeed, thank God, many within the Order) the Society, in its foreign type, would prove so strong as practically to paralyse your influence throughout such a second period of your life. Of course, if this were not the case, if you could and did keep, or regain, or increase your influence, even though only outside of the old body—then such a move, coming from one with so spotless a record, and distinguished a mind, coming too, after much patience and with a fine final dignity and restraint, might turn out an act

of high value to the Church, and possibly the beginning of better counsels prevailing even in the smaller body. But one fears so much the other possibility—I should think, probability—that, narrow as things have got and are still getting—such an action would tighten them up still further; and that this would be even more likely than that the present tightness will last finally—throughout our lives, I mean.

‘Anyhow, I hope you fully realize what is only, I know, a mere drop in such an ocean of a question, but which is, after all, the all and the best of what I have to give—that your affairs and troubles are deeply and keenly my own; that they constitute a very real, a very large proportion of my cross and of my joy; that you are now, out and out, the English-speaking living Catholic with whom I feel and know I have most, indeed I think I have all, in common; and that to see you finally, after God knows what patience and perseverance, keeping and enlarging for yourself an influence and a teaching, in the Church and for the Church, will be one of the deepest consolations and compensations of a life that longs for fruitfulness for present-day souls. . . .’

These letters are but a selection from the many that passed between the two men in regard to

Tyrrell's personal troubles. The story has been told elsewhere.

Even more acute was the baron's distress over the fate of Loisy; and here again we may witness the likeness and the difference of temper which he and Father Tyrrell displayed in a matter which was life and death to both of them.

Thus on 11th February 1903 von Hügel writes:

' . . . You will have seen the new commission of forty in the *Tablet*. I doubt whether among these twenty-eight new names there is *one*, or more than at most one or two, friendly to him. And other, sadder things that are happening, convince me that we have now reached the stage where the whole thing is going to be dominated by diplomacy and supposed expediency; and where, as far as the action of the dominant authorities go, only two human hopes remain: that either they themselves will get alarmed, in the sense of making them temporize and wait, and have hortatory documents or decisions with big loopholes for later escape; or that they will really take the plunge into a decision so hopelessly narrow that a reaction will be thus hastened on. . . . '

On 14th February 1903 we have a letter from Tyrrell, beginning as follows:

' . . . Things are certainly not shaping well. For long months back I have based all my hopes

on a painful, but purgative, blunder on the part of Rome that will bring things to a crisis. Better a million should be scandalized now than a hundred million in the future. I do not believe that *Gayraudian*¹ Catholicism can ever be explained away or stretched to hold the new wine; it must burst. I have not now time to give a reason for this Faith that is in me. Only in one thing do I fancy I have the advantage of you; and that is in my sense of the absolute inelasticity of the present "official" theology. It has run itself into a corner in a manner that forbids us to draw parallels from past concessions. It *can't* retreat except by suicide. I felt this in reading your letter to B. anent the *scientia Christi*; and recalling the Post-Communion of the mass of a few days ago, (*Inventio pueri Jesu*): "Domine J. C. qui te sensibus nostris quasi in sapientia proficientem dignanter exhibuisti," etc.

'Their *whole* system stands or falls with even the smallest and rottenest part—thanks to scholastic rationalism. . . .'

Von Hügel answered the point raised by this letter from Tyrrell on 24th February 1903:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'Let me first thank you not only for your very

¹ Refers to a French spiritual writer, Abbé Gayraud.

kind and highly suggestive letter (it strikes me, that, by that *status naturae purae* idea of yours, you have exactly hit the nail on the head) but also (I ought to have done in a previous note) for the perspicacity, courage, and kindness with which you and Fr Lucas wrote to Loisy after the Paris thunders. I am very sure that he values that joint declaration very highly, as indeed he did the previous kindnesses and adhesions received from you two.

‘Whilst I am about this *personal* point—let me tell you that I was a bit surprised and somewhat disappointed when the good, straight-seeing Lucas, in one of our walks along the Serpentine, declared that if the *Providentissimus* and letter to the French bishops were now to be followed up by a *Roman* condemnation, he would feel that we must abandon these views for good and all.

‘I asked him whether he had ever studied in detail the condemnations of Aristotelianism before its far too complete triumph; and whether those did not well then, and whether we would not do well in imitating them, who neither left the Church, nor simply ignored such condemnations, yet did not lose faith in the *ultimate* triumph of the *substance*, the general drift and method of their principles, and did not cease working for it in the ways and degrees left open to them. The fact is

—so it strikes me—that the very bigness and general application of the question will prevent it from getting killed—will prevent even such decisions as will cover the whole ground and leave us no point from which loyally to work for scientific truth in such matters.

‘But I think I see your point as to the absence of a real parallel between those past cases and the present one; and I am here bringing up the Aristotle case simply against Lucas’s contention, as drawn from two Encyclicals and a (possible) condemnation—for, taken like that, there *is* a parallel surely.’

After the condemnation of Abbé Loisy by the Holy Office the baron wrote an article in the *Pilot* of 9th January 1904, and Tyrrell wrote a few lines of sympathy.

‘MY DEAREST FRIEND,

‘Just a line to thank you for your strong, courageous, dignified and temperate article on Loisy.¹ He tells me that del Val wants the whole incident passed over noiselessly in the press; and indeed the *Tablet* is boisterously silent; and leaves no room for anything but the encyclical on Church Music. One cannot but think of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning; or of Magee’s

¹ *Pilot*, 9th January 1904.

description of the Anglican bishops fighting over the papering of the attics while the basement was in flames. . . .’

The baron suffered deeply over this sad business. On 28th January 1904 he remarks to his friend:

‘I take it for certain that we have much dirty weather ahead of us. May God help and brace us.’

But he was also becoming more conscious of the gravity of the crisis, and of the consequences that might ensue from direct action in defence of the Abbé Loisy.

And thus we come to a new phase in von Hügel’s attitude to ecclesiastical authority, of which the following letter, of 5th February 1904, is an indication.

‘It is a poor worn dog of a man who scribbles this, I dare say, barely legible mem. to you. Still, I must not delay sending these concentrations of news and letters: (1) As to the latter, I send you now three fresh letters of L.’s; and, among my recently received epistles, [some?] most interesting ones—from Mignot, Morin, Rothmanner, Houtin, Burkett. Return me all [these?] letters before very long, please. (2) I utilized your most helpful draft of a letter, for my own letter to *Times*. Latter is, I *think*, really accepted. I hope it may do good, but I want to be very

discreet as to revealing its authorship. I have not myself only to think of, but a dear wife, only by affection with me in this attitude, and three good girls to marry. I really must, short of low cowardice (and, as for *that*, I have already by my signed *Pilot* article and two letters—last one on 23rd January, to Card. Merry, shown my colours beyond a shadow of a doubt), now avoid directly prodding or worrying the powers that be.

(3) I have just proposed to the editor (who, I find, is sincerely interested in L.'s case, but *frightfully* driven for space just now) to write to you and secure you for a (if necessary short) leader, on the act, should our friend be struck. I left the second *Semper Eadem* with him to read, and have now written as handsomely of you and your powers as I could. If you don't hear from him, you will know that he can't accede to this proposal. But if he *does* accept—get something *very* good ready, won't you, against this event, sure to happen, short of a moral miracle. My notion would be, that it should be very clearly and eloquently Catholic (as far as the editor will let you—and I think he would stand a good deal); and very emphatic as to impossibility of disciplinary suppression of critico-historical work, and of obligations of interior assent (even where special competence on subject-matter exists) towards acts not

even claiming to be inerrant. And I should like an eloquent appeal to the fact of God, on and on, raising such men up in the Church of Rome, and their and their friends' continuous faith in that Church in spite of such acts, as about the greatest proof of the divinity of that Church's life and vitality; and then equally emphatic insistence upon the recurrence of such catastrophes and their keen sufferings as an undeniable symptom of something being wrong somewhere with the working of the Church machinery—indeed with the conception of the Church's authority. But I am tired: you will do a deal better than that.'

The object of the present chapter has been to give some account of the earlier views of the two friends in all that regarded their attitude to authority. We have now reached the point where a certain divergence begins to be manifest:

CHAPTER VII

THE PATH DIVIDES

THE friendship between von Hügel and Tyrrell was never broken, but there was certainly a diminution of the perfect sympathy and confidence of the early days as years passed by. The '*affaire Loisy*' absorbed von Hügel, at one stage, to the almost exclusion of other preoccupations, and the outcome of that *affaire* marked a change in the baron's policy. Up to then his one question was as to how what he regarded as the cause of truth could be promoted in spite of the passive resistance of authority; and without provoking any hostile measure. But as things became more difficult, and that hostile action, which he had endeavoured to avert, became a reality and a fact, he had to recognize that such policy had failed, and that it might become a choice between definite resistance to authority and silence.

Von Hügel was not a man who trusted anything to chance—he laid out his day, he laid out his year, he laid out his life on a definite plan from which nothing but overwhelming necessity could divert him. And since the plan of his life was to promote the cause of truth *within the Church*, he

was not prepared to give up either the truth or the Church because things were going badly. But in 1904 and onwards this became, given his own conviction as to where the truth lay, extremely difficult. It would have been most easy to incur condemnation, and, indeed, how he managed to escape it has been a puzzle to many ever since.

His very escape shocked some of his friends, but, on the whole, they recognized that his reasons were honourable, and that it was not in the interests of self-defence that he seemed to waver.

‘Is this man, who has been to me as my own conscience, a coward?’ Tyrrell once said to me.

But he said it, not because he thought it, but because he was staggered for the moment. Like all of us he regarded the baron as *sui generis*, and believed that he would never fail if the supreme choice of truth or safety were laid before him. Thus Tyrrell wrote to Mr Robert Dell, 4th May 1905:

‘The baron is all you say; *plus quam propheta*. His hope is most infectious when he is with one; but, like most prophets, he lives in light inaccessible to myopic mortals and can better communicate his enthusiasm than its grounds. I do not know his equal for learning and comprehensiveness; but I sometimes think that neither he nor Williams realize the Roman theological system or understand how impossible it is to *modify* it or deal with it otherwise than by dynamite.’

And to Canon Lilley he wrote on 14th August 1908 :

‘The baron has just gone. Wonderful man! Nothing is true; but the sum total of nothings is sublime.’

And to Mr Robert Dell he wrote, 3rd May 1908 :

‘I had to insist lately that he must, for his credit, sign *some* article or other expressing his views. He had given me a hundred mystical reasons for not signing this or that or the other article. I said they were all excellent reasons; but people would reasonably ask how the man, who urged the *Rinnovamento* people to face excommunication and the destruction of their work, was not willing to face the like himself. I am quite sure that if he recognized the influence of fear in himself he would go straight against it; and that he is sincerely self-duped in all these mystifications of his plain duty.’

And von Hügel had two other definite reasons for caution—one was that, as a married man, he owed something to his wife and his family; the other was that his great life-work on *The Mystical Element of Religion* might easily suffer shipwreck if its author incurred condemnation. Indeed, all his work within the Church would be lost so far as the Church was concerned.

These motives for caution regarded the baron himself and his own work, but there were other less personal ones, grounded on his real friendship for his fellow-workers. He soon realized, only too fully, that his friends were not all gifted with his own prudence and self-restraint, and that was not all. He had his own philosophy, which even those who cared for him did not wholly share; and he had his own characteristics, which were not those of his friends. The friend here in question is George Tyrrell, and when it came to any sort of tussle no two men could have presented a more marked contrast. Tyrrell had no regard for his own safety or his own reputation. He could be provoked to anger but never to caution. He was a generous, self-sacrificing ally but a fierce opponent. He was the joy of those friends who asked nothing better than to see authority attacked or worsted and who did not worry about the consequences to Tyrrell himself, or his place in the Church; he was the despair of those who thought him too precious to be torn to pieces in the fray; to be associated with companions who did not share his fundamental aims; to be driven into a course of action which would wreck his influence in the Church to which he had devoted his life.

Von Hügel sincerely strove to save him from these last consequences, but Tyrrell had no wish to be protected. His friend had borne a large

share in embarking him on a course which he, for his part, did not feel he could abandon without surrendering the very cause for which he and von Hügel had laboured : the cause of truth and rightful liberty. He held to the belief that the Church was greater than she seemed, but that there were forces within her hostile to her true mission. And as diplomacy had failed he was not to be restrained from more vigorous measures. As he would say, someone had to rush on to the bayonets, and he, in a manner, dubbed himself the *chair de canon* !

Without further comment I will give extracts from the twofold correspondence.

On 7th February 1904 Tyrrell wrote :

‘Rome does terrorize even good men into scepticism about the plainest dictates of their conscience. Burkitt’s remarks on “docility” need to be developed and put forward clearly and boldly nowadays. *Unqualified* obedience is too often viewed as merely a fault on the right side, and not as the profoundest idolatry and immorality. Of course if the Pope is God there is an end of it ; but even Pius IX did not define so much as that. If he is not God there may be cases where obedience to him could be treason to conscience. . . .’

From von Hügel, 14th March 1904 :

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘A letter from Loisy this morning explaining how, even now (you saw Saturday’s *Daily Chronicle*), all is not over. Had just had another interview with Card. Richard, who showed him a second letter from the Pope (there have thus been, now, two letters from M. del V., and two from the Pope). L. has answered again, and *hopes* that *this* time it will really be accepted. But we must be prepared for the opposite, evidently.

‘15th. I have got a touch of influenza or such-like on me, off and on, and have had to lie a good bit fallow these last days. I am, too, a bit apprehensive as to the effect of a letter, in answer to Prof. Labanca, which I wrote to the editor of the *Giornale d’Italia* and which has appeared, signed by my name, on 11th March—in the very number which announced L.’s excommunication—indeed it is from there, and on that occasion, that the English papers had the news. And although I think that you will find my letter intrinsically moderate (you shall have a copy as soon as I get another), its appearance, signed, at such a juncture, *may* look to the others like defiance. I had sent it in with a pseudonym: but the editor pressed for my name, and *Murri* and other young clerics on the spot backed him up: and so I gave in, and wired “yes.” Possibly, they may recog-

nize that, coming from London, it will have been written a week before I could know about the excom.; and that the particular collocation was either an accident or due to the editor alone. But really, though we ought evidently to be reasonably prudent, and I may have in this case not have been so, the opposite fault is most painful to contemplate.'

Tyrrell wrote, 2nd April 1904:

'I do not know whether it is an effect of weariness and will pass away with it, but certainly I experience daily an increasing deadness of interest in the cause of religion so far as it is identified with Roman Catholicism. That Church (viewed institutionally) seems to become more and more of a ruthless mechanism, a determinism, an almost organized opposition to the spirit, to life, to liberty. It is not only hard, but it is to some extent unreal, untruthful to be for ever distinguishing (as I have done in the *Letter to a Professor*) between the people and the government, when the latter represents faithfully the vast majority of the people. I have no sympathy with virulent anti-clericalism and scandal-mongering, but I feel more and more, with Lord Acton, that the *principle* of Ultramontanism is profoundly immoral and un-Christian and, in essence, pagan. And if so,

what is one to think of the Vatican Council? Well, it is one of "those multitudes of burning questions which we must do our best to ignore, to forget their existence. . . . One fourth of our life is intelligible, the other three fourths in unintelligible darkness; and our earliest duty is to cultivate the habit of not looking round the corner." ' ' ¹

And von Hügel, 30th April 1904:

'*Endless* patience; the knowledge of when to yield and bend, when and where to hold out; and meanwhile the opposing in oneself of that sorry weakness which would pay back one's own sufferings, either at the expense of the great cause or by that last refuge of defeat—cynicism or ready acceptance of anti-clerical legends, as big and stupid in their way as those dear to the "*Croix*" and "*Vérité*," these things I feel I must practise, at much, at a constant cost. Bremond and Fonsegrive seem somewhat puzzled by my doctrine of slowly acquired harmony in and by the resistance and friction of every kind of recalcitrant, apparently desperate material. But what is life, all moral, spiritual rational—and Christian and Catholic life and reform in self and others—but *that*?'

In this same year of 1904 arose, between the

¹ Mark Rutherford.

two friends, the question of Tyrrell's possible secession from the Society of Jesus. In a published letter of June 1904 von Hügel urged certain objections to such action (in contradistinction to earlier letter already quoted). He wrote, more fully still, in a published letter of 9th October 1905.

Tyrrell's answer is dated 11th October 1905:

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'How can I thank you enough for all your undeserved affection and delicate solicitude! Every word of yours has much weight with me, though I would not for the world like you or any close friend to feel responsible for my movements one way or the other. As far as the question of my work and influence goes I do not share M. D. P.'s sanguine view by any means. I know only too well that for its own sake the S.J. has sheltered my books when once published with S.J. authority: and that, if I leave, their interest will be just the contrary. I also know—but, to cut it short, the balance of expediency is nearly *all* against my moving. In such cases one should be very certain that there is a matter of principle in the opposite scale. When that is so, one has to take the scandal, disappointment and flight of innumerable friends as the price of one's manhood—not to speak about a broken career: and more personal

matters. I do not see how I could with self-respect have done *less* than I have done. About *more*, I still hesitate and your words increase my hesitation. If, in the face of all I have said, the Church Law is so corrupt as to refuse my release, I am not sure that I may not wash my hands of all responsibility and, for the sake of others, sit down under the wing of silence. But I take the divorce (and the Provincial who was here three days ago takes it) as virtually a *fait accompli*; and our only wonder is why Rome delays.

‘I am resolute that, for all I am worth, there shall be no sign of bitterness or ungenerosity; and I have a letter ready for Dell to ask him to be quiet. Much as I abhor Jesuitism I have numberless dear Jesuit friends whose least hair I would not harm. I sounded the Provincial (as per enclosed copy) as to the possibility of a *modus operandi*; but his reply shows no inclination to rise to my bait—“Kings do not bargain.” The General is far less likely to propose a compromise. Should he do so I will do all I can for a patch up. But I have not the faintest hope of an ending so congenial to my inertia and dread of suffering.’

I have not the letter of von Hügel to which the following one of Tyrrell refers; and the reference may have been to something said elsewhere. But

it will show a further difference in their estimate of each other's position. This letter is dated 8th December 1906:

'As to what you say about me, it is, of course, what the author of *M. E.* is bound to say just because it is his deepest conviction. But is there not just a touch of "orthodoxy" in the assumption that a scepticism as to the claims of particular institutions connotes a decay of personal religion? For myself I can say that the bases of my scepticism about the whole [going?] of the Christian Church are precisely moral and religious, and that such scepticism varies directly with my faith in God. I agree (as the enclosed will show) about what Churches *ought* to do for one. But for me they don't do it, and the effort to accommodate myself to Rome has been a source of mental unfruitfulness and moral cowardice and spiritual sterility. It is the best in me that kicks against it. To say that she helps as an obstacle helps is to put her in the same category as the Devil. Is Benigni so irrelevant? Is he not the voice of the Church as she *is*? Can we say that the opposite voice tends, by the logic of her history, to prevail and not to decline sturdily? I believe religion must and will re-embody itself. But none of these old bottles will do. Nor can we *make* a new one. It will

grow. But we shall first have forty years in the desert between Egypt and Jerusalem.'

On 2nd January 1907 we have the following from von Hügel in regard to a proposed meeting, in which Paul Sabatier would have taken a prominent part:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'I have purposely allowed some water to flow under the bridges, before answering your letter—since it contains that query as to our going or not going to Paris, for the Fogazzaro reunion—a query I had already been putting to myself, with ups and downs of "yes" and "no" answers. Even now, I go up and down about the thing. For if ever there was a time where each one of us should, wherever we can do so with good grounds for thinking that we are *really* helping, stand by our fellow-workers, it is now. And I would gladly accompany you, as far as being in your company in the matter.—But two undeniable facts check me: only one of them would apply to your case as well. (1) Already, some fifteen years ago, my deafness was such that at a Hampstead semi-private meeting, on *far* less delicate matters, I found later on—from the chaffing criticism of friends—that I had—quite unbeknown to myself—committed myself by my silence, to some (what

I saw, as soon as I knew of them, to have been) most extravagant positions. Ever since, I have only attended gatherings where I already thoroughly know my fellow-members, and where the materials for discussion are to be had in writing and have been in my hands some while beforehand.

‘(2) When, still under Leo XIII, a meeting of the Society for Francisian Studies took place at Assisi under Sabatier’s presidency, and only very moderately burning topics were treated there by Duchesne, Fleming, etc., a fulminating telegram reached the Catholic members of the meeting from Card. Rampolla, ordering all the clerics and Religious immediately away from conference with a Rationalist, a man on the Index, an enemy of the Church, and heaven alone knows what fearful things besides. Now I know that S. is not going to preside at this meeting; and also that we must not mind braving any and all risks where these are inevitably bound up with a course likely to do good of a kind well worth such risks. And again, I know quite well that our keeping away will not prevent S. from being there. Yet I feel this point of real importance. I have already used some opportunities for pointing out to S. how well it would be, if he could keep more in the background; after all, is it so difficult to understand,

if, say ninety-five per cent of our people look, even sincerely and still more with a touch of useful, semi-sincere rhetoric, upon our movement as very largely prompted and engineered by a man who, however honest, is certainly the least dogmatic or even doctrinal, the least sacramental or even generally institutional of mortals—perhaps even a soul touched rather by the ethical than by the specifically religious ideal? And pray note that his energy and devoted whole-heartedness is such that (not realizing the point referred to) he simply cannot help being *very* prominent, wherever he is at all. Yet I feel our campaign sufficiently difficult in itself for it to be wise to let it get too much identified with S.

‘Yet all this said, I still feel that *you* might, indeed probably would, be of real use there. Your quickness of hearing would keep you well abreast of the discussions and resolutions; and, after all, Fogazzaro will, surely, be the dominant figure, and *that* would be quite all right. So I will conclude against my own going, but with a wish that you may not let this decide you adversely.’

Tyrrell replied, 3rd January 1907:

‘I never meant you to take such trouble. I had every wish *not* to go; but M. D. P. was urgent that I should; so I felt that if you were going and

were *keen* about it, I would reconsider. I am only too glad to be free. All your reasons I quite understand; especially about Sabatier. I believe that *on the whole* his helpfulness to us is greater than his hindrance; but the latter is undeniable. One does not like, when a group is so small and weak, to be always distinguishing between *Left* and *Extreme Left*. I wish he would advocate what is *common* to both; and not what is special to the latter; *Qui venit ad me non ejiciam foras* and *Qui non est contra me est pro me* must, however, be our general guiding principles. Were we to cut off all who are not precisely of our pattern we should have to fight alone very soon.'

On 8th May 1907 von Hügel gives an amusing and characteristic bit of advice:

'*Le Roy's* letter—no more new, but discussing a question which will remain alive throughout our little earthly lives—will interest you. I was unable, in answering, to commit myself to the position that *in any circumstances* one would honourably and fruitfully be able to act as he proposes. But I felt and feel that we should cultivate, in our own interior and in our outward action, if not an infinite yet an indefinite amount of quiet and tough "sitting tight," of trust in the power of time and circumstances, as ultimately in the hands

of God and as stronger than all the wit or wiliness of man.'

We come now to the still more stormy period that succeeded the issue of the syllabus *Lamentabili* of 3rd July 1907 and the encyclical *Pascendi* of 8th September 1907. Von Hügel writes about certain notes sent him by Tyrrell:

'I have been much impressed with the way in which you bring out that much the most important point about the document is the way in which it, practically throughout, implies the Church officials', indeed, the scholastic theologians' direct, and absolute, as it were metaphysical (i.e. not merely disciplinary or indirect) jurisdiction and determining power and privilege in purely or at least primarily historical matters. This thus now more or less consciously and systematically asserted claim, now too for the first time affirmed against historical method become at last fully aware of its own laws and autonomy, is, as you say, a new claim, and would make as short work of the traditional apologetic, indeed, of everything but a demonstrably circular reasoning, as it would of all historical science worthy of the name.—You are also most helpful, in your acute analysis of the several propositions, especially of the "caricature class." Grateful thanks, then.'

As to Tyrrell's articles in *The Times* of September 1907,¹ he wrote, 30th September:

'I note that you have clarified and intensified the draft you showed me. What I now read is indeed clearer, and, in places, more effective than was that draft. But I think I find a note—at least, a more marked note—of bitterness than was to be found in that draft. This note is indeed understandable, all but inevitable, and even it may be useful *hic et nunc*, and as a spontaneous proof of the tremendous strain put upon us, as men and as Catholics, by our present authorities. But it detracts somewhat, I think, from what is otherwise the great and abiding beauty and persuasiveness of this very important document. I shall be very glad if, in that second of the two coming letters to *The Times*, you can manage to have all the strength of the *Giornale d'Italia* letter without those touches.'

And to this Tyrrell made a very characteristic reply on 3rd October 1907:

'With more time and quiet the shots could have been better aimed. Now they are delivered for better or for worse, and I leave the rest to

¹ Tyrrell wrote two articles in *The Times* on the appearance of the encyclical *Pascendi*—30th September and 1st October—and one to the *Giornale d'Italia* on 25th September 1907.

God and Law. I know quite well that, not you, but others will find a certain shelter behind my enormities and will seem tolerable by comparison, especially as they will easily and sincerely be able to disavow me—much as Loisy makes Lagrange almost safe.'

Von Hügel was not alone, amongst Tyrrell's friends, in his discrimination in regard to the *Times* letters, and he probably said less than he felt in his letters to Tyrrell, but he genuinely recognized their value as well as their danger.

Thus on 1st October 1907:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'I have now twice read both the *Times* articles, and also its leader upon them. There can, I take it, be no serious doubt as to two things. One, that the substance of those two papers of yours—the philosophical and theological analyses and positions—are deep and true and great, and that there was and is a crying need for such expositions either now or soon. And I am *deeply* grateful and touched for and by that noble bit, in the second article, about your being and remaining a Catholic, whatever may happen; and concerning those great figures of Catholic post-Reformation saints and scholars that cheer us on. These latter passages are *most* appropriate, and give a most grateful

relief, and the proper setting and interpretation to the polemical passages. Thank you for them again and again.

‘The second thing is that although, perhaps, written less angrily than the *Giornale d’Italia* letter, this double paper is also, of course, very hot, vehement, and sarcastic. I hope very much that this heat which, in some places, is so apt, and in all is so understandable, may not, in the long run at least, deflect otherwise likely and winnable minds from the substantial content and real, final aim of your papers. I must admit that even now, and in spite of everything, I have a feeling as to the pathetic position of the Pope, holding that most difficult of posts not through his own choosing, a peasant of simple seminary training and speaking to some 200 million souls of whom doubtless, a good nine-tenths, at least, are even less cultured than himself, and whom he is sincerely trying to defend against what he conceives to be deadly error. We can afford to be magnanimous; and is it not a duty to be so? This is not meant, of course, as a criticism of speaking, or even of plain speaking, and, with your grand mastery of the subject, it only concerns the question of personal tone.’

On 21st October he wrote:

‘I go on feeling, with that persistent, dull,

unsought-out sort of impression which life has made me think is generally well-founded (at least for my own case), that it is somehow, just now, of extreme importance to the fullness and fruitfulness of your whole work and being, that you should not fly on, but should circle round—should bear with, should strengthen up, and be strengthened in return, by those who, with limits and poverties innumerable, love and sacrifice themselves with you and for you. You are born to be daringly, deeply independent; just because of that, do not let any over-swiftness, any unlimitedness, any impatience with that dearest and greatest of the disguises under which God works in man—I mean love of friction and our poor bovine, humble slownesses, of a goodly dose of stupidity—get into or anywhere find lodgment in that amazingly rapid nature of yours. Bagehot is helping me finely to articulate this sense in myself; it is the sense of creatureliness, I am sure. And so I want you to stick to the *Rinnovamento* group, and to wait upon their little failings, if they have them, as they, in turn, would wait upon yours. And further developments would stand over—would wait with our great patient, waiting God.'

But the blow had just fallen, and Tyrrell had received notice of his condemnation.

Von Hügel wrote on 29th October 1907:

‘I came away so full of admiration of your letter to the bishop—and your last touches were perhaps the cream of already a very fine dish. Altogether, I feel braced and, thank God, without bitterness, by these events. Have just written pledging myself definitely to be the first in *Rinn.* to review L.’s *Synoptiques*, a true, but obviously most perilous honour. I shall try and do the thing as objectively and as much within the framework of the larger requirements of the soul, as ever I can. We stand for so much more than any specialist learning, or even any particular philosophy. Deepest gratitude again for all you are teaching us, by your life and troubles even more than by your words.’

But he hardly realized what these ‘bracing events’ implied for his friend.

Here as elsewhere we cannot but feel that the cause had come to be more than the man. This was the case in his dealings with the *Rinnovamento* group. He upheld them, and disapproved of their eventual withdrawal, but he failed to realize what resistance to authority, by perseverance in the review, would have cost them from the religious point of view. This has always seemed to me one of the less noble episodes in von Hügel’s career. I once had a personal conversation with

the mother of one of the writers in *Rinnovamento*, and I realized what any sort of ecclesiastical condemnation would have signified in that profoundly Catholic family.

Yet von Hügel wrote on 20th November 1907 :

‘My own impressions are quite clear, that he ¹ is still under the delusion that forms may be found in which the substance of what we want and must have can be maintained without condemnation by Rome, or can be gained without holding out against such condemnation. Privilege is an excellent thing ; but our Lord Himself only ended (after His death, long after) with *that*, He did not *begin* with it, but persevered without it. We have to make a new mentality, a new *psychosis*, we cannot do so, unless we hold out. And the risk of having to do without the Sacraments, for a while at least, would not prove disastrous, where the situation was as critical and the motives were as Catholic as one can say, without presumption, they are here. You will note what he announces he is doing, in the other direction. I would praise and thank for this, warmly. Yet I feel that the mere, even silent, continuance with *Rinn.* would be a truer service than anything of that kind, if he gives up *Rinn.*, could possibly be. I notice in my own case, how strong is the desire to make me dis-

¹ A chief writer in *Rinnovamento*.

criminate myself in some such way. It is *here* precisely that the shoe pinches, *here* that, whatever else we do or don't do, we must hold out. But pray let me know, after twenty-four hours' rumination, what you think and what I am to say for you. I feel sure that the thing is, in any case, of grave importance, and I should like, as far as ever possible, that you and I should, each in his own way, say substantially the same thing.

'Ever affectionate old friend,

'F. v. H.'

Tyrrell replied, 22nd November 1907:

'But it seems to me that a Christian should be ready to face utter failure and desertion, without even a hope of recognition by posterity, for what he believes to be right and true. I have no courage to plunge into that fire, but I foresee that I shall be pushed into it. Then as for communion with the religion of the poor, there is outward and inward, and the latter is first in importance. Our whole aim is a return to the simple faith of the masses, as against sacerdotalism and esoteric theology. If the priests have captured the crowd for their own purposes the deliverers of the crowd will be stoned and crucified by the crowd. The religion of the crowd is corrupted by priest-worship, and there we cannot be with the crowd. But the

reasons apart, I cannot see how it can be right to withdraw *Rinn.* and yet refuse to make an apology. If it is wrong to go on, it was wrong to begin, and we should say so.'

As time goes on we note increasing caution on the part of von Hügel, with a slight accent of disapproval on the part of Tyrrell.

On 25th March 1908 von Hügel writes:

'As to my own work—I have got the first of my three papers on L.'s book sent off and accepted. I have decided neither to sign nor even to put my initial; but to put some non-tell-tale letter. After all, it is of importance to me, with my book now coming, that I should not rile and irritate them more than I can help, compatibly with decent loyalty to my friends and convictions—and this latter I can live up to without such signatures. It is true that I stand pledged for a review of L.'s book in the *Hibbert Journal* for July; and *that*, Jacks and Hicks both say, *must* be signed. But July is more than three months hence; I will try and be as judicial and sober as possible; and possibly they will, after all, be content with, say, the initial H.'

(Only part of this letter was published among the *Selected Letters*.)

Tyrrell wrote in reply, 6th April 1908:

‘You are not badly committed, but still decidedly committed by Loisy’s letters to you; and this reconciles me more to your determination to sign nothing—not even the sober and judicial *Hibbert* article. I am so much afraid your action may be misunderstood by the *Rinnovamento* and other people whom you have encouraged in an opposite course. Still, I would not wish you to emulate my foolhardiness, or to sacrifice your work or your sacraments for anything less than some *very great* gain to the cause of truth. Had I believed as much as you do in the Modernist cause, I should have probably acted differently.’

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And now we must consider another point on which a difference arose between the two friends. To pass into another Church was, in the mind of von Hügel, a total abandonment of the cause for which he and Tyrrell, and all those associated with them, laboured. Tyrrell, on the contrary, would remark ironically of So-and-so: ‘Oh, no! he has not become a Protestant, only an atheist!’ Christianity seemed more and greater to him than any Church in which it was embodied, and though the same thing was true of von Hügel also, yet, for him, with his more political outlook, the whole cause suffered a kind of betrayal when its partisans deserted the camp. For to him it seemed desertion, whereas to Tyrrell it seemed, in certain cases,

an inevitable transference to a more tenable position. He thought a man had a right to seek some place where he could be tolerated, and not have to dwell 'in everlasting burnings'!

On 6th November 1907 von Hügel gave a hint of his preoccupation with this subject in giving his friend an account of a meeting of the L.S.S.R.¹ He notes the following point:

'Although at our Dinner Meetings we are not supposed to have any but merely little business speeches, they asked me, after these were over, to speak to them about you and us all—our position, aims, hopes, etc. Though tired, and hence inclined to be over-emphatic, I hope that what I said was to the point; in any case, they were very kind and sympathetic. I specially tried to draw out two facts: that your position was in no sense an eccentric or isolated one—the three groups of protesters in Italy taking up precisely the same attitude; and that we, in no wise, aimed, even as a second and possible policy, either at forming or at joining any other religious body—our very strength and *raison d'être* consisting in the deep Catholicism of our non-Ultramontanism, our anti-absolutism. Chevalier told me that Newsom and Lilley specially endorsed and drove home this second point of mine, and the former criticized

¹ London Society for the Study of Religion.

the formation of the separate Old Catholic Church in 1870 as a profound mistake, and spoke strongly against Anglicans hoping or wishing to have any of us. Caldecott, as usual, showed himself much less wide and Wicksteed seemed to think us Agnostics at heart.'

In the following year, 22nd June, after some conversation between them on this subject, Tyrrell wrote as follows:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'I will do all I can to be with you at 3 on Wednesday. I think a sit down in the Park will be more conducive to talk than a walk would be—which always means that you are left out.

'I have been reflecting a good deal about your excommunication theory apropos of A. F.¹ I quite agree that *tactically* it would be a mistake for us to work with ex-Romans in the Modernist cause. But of course I can never admit the principle of social penalties for religious convictions, in spite of Johannine authority for the practice. As, however, society inherits something of the principle from Catholic days, I suppose association with an ex-Roman might be construed as association with his ex-Romanism, and so far I understand why

¹ The Rev. Alfred Fawkes had left the Roman Catholic Church and returned to the Church of England.

Addis and New should not be invited, or expect to be invited, to your house, lest your family should misunderstand. But, if I am sure that Fawkes and New would not misunderstand my continued friendship, I can see no reason for, and every reason against, cutting them. As the ex-communication principle is un-Christian in itself, I feel bound to go against it in every possible way. Also, if I think a man has made a mistake, I should lose all chance of getting him right, if I were to cut him. I should only make him bitter and hostile. Hence, even at the risk of scandal and misunderstanding, I shall make no difference whatever in my friendly relation with A. F. I am sure, moreover, that, in his case, the step is subjectively honest. He has never been a Catholic since he outgrew his crabbed Oratorian Ultramontanism—which was surely a poorer thing than Protestantism. He never professed to believe in the *constructive* hopes of Modernism. He remained with us only on the principle of inertia, and waiting for the push of some event such as the refusal of a *celebret*. He will be a better and sincerer man in the Church of England. . . . He is a man of strictly moral and honourable life, and one who fulfilled his priestly duties punctiliously and reverently—which is more than can be said of many of our clerical friends.

‘And then for your general principle as to backsliding. There is, as you feel, the fact that Troeltsch considers Protestantism a higher form of religion than Catholicism. I do not agree, provided it is not a question of Ultramontane Catholicism, but of that Catholicism which you and I dream of, but which earth has not yet known. I hope it is latent somewhere in the depths of R.C. subconsciousness. The graduation of religions seems to me very obscure for lack of a measure.

‘In your just revolt against the fallacy of simplification, I sometimes wonder whether you are not driven to value complexity for its own sake. *Caeteris paribus*, simplicity is good and complexity an evil. I ask myself whether *Modernism* is not in many ways a simplification—a riddance of useless complications; whether the Gospel was not a revolt against the complexities of legalism. I suppose Brahmanism is even more complex than Catholicism; Polytheism, more complex than Monotheism. Plainly then, a simpler religion is not necessarily a lower religion; nor can we say at once that a man who leaves the Church of England to become a Quaker takes a step downwards, or that Athelstan Riley’s religion is richer than that of Silvanus Thompson; or St Catherine of Genoa’s poorer than that of Merry del Val. Strip Romanism of all that is historically and

critically and philosophically untenable, and will it not be less rather than more complex than Anglicanism? Do we not confound grammatical with psychological negation, when we assume that to prune our creed of accretions is to impoverish it? I think then we must look for some other measure than the merely quantitative one of complexity; and while I still think that Catholicism is the best, I don't feel I have any right to make others accept my scale of valuation, or to regard themselves as on a lower plane. For the ends of the L.S.S.R. it seems to me that converts of all sorts should be excluded. Failing that, I think they should all be admitted. I don't see how you could blackball Hutton and object to Abraham's blackballing St Paul. The *true* religion (or the truest) is certainly the highest and fullest; and every man then thinks his own is the truest.

'I think you *felt* I did not agree with you, and though I first thought I would say nothing, it seemed to me more friendly to say just what I feel in the matter.

'Ever yours affectionately,

'G. TYRRELL.

'PS. Of course, I recognize that a priest, as an extra-social or supra-social animal, may be freer in many ways to deal and mix with strayed sheep than a layman encumbered with a Catholic family.

‘Another point. I also recognize that the ex-communication principle is *logically* inseparable from the exclusive claims of the Roman Church. My own hope is that those claims are not of her essence. In repudiating the sectarian conception of Catholicism, I necessarily repudiate its corollary. Whether one can be Catholic without being exclusive is a question on which I and the secular traditions of the Roman Church differ; and no doubt the presumption is that the Catholic Church knows itself better than I know it. Still it is a presumption that may be rebutted.’

To this von Hügel replied on 23rd June 1908:¹

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I should consider it an impertinence, were I to sit down and “answer” your most kind and important letter now at once. It demands and shall receive a full week’s slow rumination, as a most valuable appeal to me to grow and modify myself. And I want to do my poor best, and my said best ever moves slowly when at all. So just now I want simply to thank you, very gratefully, for so kindly speaking out, and giving me a better chance of self-improvement.

‘There are two points only in the matter which I see so quietly and in all my better moods that

¹ Published among *Selected Letters*.

I at least am not likely, I think, to see better and further about them.

‘I feel sure, in those moments, that not all that, even when earnest, I live and work for can possibly be finally true and completely right: that a good deal of what I love, with all I am, will have to die, for good and all—in me as truly as in any one. And again that what will survive, will have to do so, just as an element in a larger whole, larger than I can see and after which I grope and which, please God, I *will* should englobe and put me in some little point and part of the great whole.

‘And then I feel sure too that, somehow, ever *two* things and not simply *one* have to be attended to: that not only bigotry but also indifference is to be fought and daily overcome. And I must, very simply, confess that if such and such people stand out, in my soul, as illustrations of the former, such and such others stand out in it as examples of the latter. And I notice that all these latter treat good faith, search for the light, self-renouncement, etc., as things “*of course,*” things universal, and lightly, rather irritatedly, to be assumed as operative all round. Now I know well that there is no enclosure within which there flourishes that full (i.e. ever operative, ever renewed) good faith, and outside which it does not exist. I merely mean that I have, for myself and

in trying to help others, to guard against the “*of course*” business. I find it as impoverishing here, as in science and criticism is the assumption of the ease of accuracy: the latter is destructive of the alone fully fruitful disposition for scientific work.

‘Neither of these my points is in answer to anything you say. It is but a thinking aloud to you, dearest of friends, and as a little help to myself.’

Later on von Hügel became anxious in regard to Tyrrell’s reported leanings to the Old Catholic Church, and wrote as follows, 3rd December 1908:

‘I had a letter from Rawlinson yesterday; and whilst it was (unknown to me) on its way I was visiting him. And both in that letter, and by word of mouth, he showed great anxiety to be allowed to say that there was nothing in the rumours (which I had heard nothing of, since, I suppose, six months or more ago) that you were “certainly” joining Matthew’s Episcopal Church. I was struck with the entirely unsuggested, unprompted vigour with which R., in both ways, expressed his conviction not only that such a step would rejoice, as hardly anything else could, the militant “blacks” among us R.C.s (this is clear), but also that it would at once and very thoroughly rob you of your very great influence with High

Churchmen generally. He felt and saw this as strongly, I think, as the substantial, abiding truth of our general "Modernist" position; and said that he would (even if many of us took up with extant other religious bodies, or helped to form new ones) cling on to the general "Modernist" position, in spite of and without such accidents and mistakes. I told him that you were being most unfairly and violently treated, on and on, and that almost any amount of resentment would be entirely understandable and largely justifiable; and that, besides, you were by nature a writer, and could and did express on paper even the most passing impressions and feelings. But that I was confident you had no determination, or real, fixed plan of joining, or of helping to form, any other religious body. If you think it worth while, you could, of course, write to him, and your own word would naturally carry more weight than anything I could say. But R. was quite satisfied, indeed, very much pleased—he cares so greatly for us and our life-work—and said he would at once check, and be able in part at least to check, these very explicit rumours.'

Tyrrell's reply was evidently written in heat and irritation. I have given an account of the Old Catholic episode in the *Life*, and will not repeat the history here. His relations with the Old

Catholic body, as represented in England, were tinged with humour as well as seriousness. He remarked on one occasion to Dr. Matthews that, if he wanted to form a Church, he must really have *some* laity! Yet there was sympathy as well as irony in his dealings with the English movement, and he was becoming very intolerant of condemnations in general. Hence his heated answer to von Hügel:

‘4th December 1908.

‘You plainly take R.’s rumour seriously, since you write so elaborately on the subject. There is no smoke without fire; and the fire is this—that I have expressed and feel great interest in the understanding between Anglicans and O. Catholics. Of two evils I had rather see England O.C. than Papist. Is it possible that, in the light of the last five years, you can deny that *as against Rome* the Old Catholics were in the right or that Rome was on the devil’s side as usual? However, your attitude towards the lost sheep of the House of Israel is not one that I pretend to understand. I could not join the O. Catholics, only because they bear the seeds of the papacy in their bosom. I said this in reply to a very kind message from Herzog anent *Medievalism*, and I gave him many other reasons why I felt bound to stay where I am. I enclose you his answer, which ends the

correspondence. You are wrong in supposing that *Rome* would rejoice if I joined the O.C. No, she would and does *dread* that; and so I don't mind these rumours. The idiots of Westminster are terrified lest the O.C.s should impregnate the Anglicans with "real orders"! That is the sort of rubbish their silly heads are stuffed with. They think the movement might become "serious" if I took it up. What *Rome* loves is a proof of the "Rome or Agnosticism" alternative. That one should give up as little as possible, and keep to the nearest thing, instead of rushing to the furthest extreme, annoys her. Do you know I sometimes think it annoys you? and that you would rather see me an atheist than an Anglican? However, neither you nor Rawlinson need fear—I am afraid. I have not faith enough left to join anybody or anything. The only thing that might drive me from *Rome* is the feeling that to adhere to a profoundly immoral and untruthful institution becomes, at a certain point, a consenting to its deeds and cannot be excused by an appeal to the Church on paper. This from Benigni (please return soon) nearly drove me to send three lines of renunciation to *The Times*. One feels morally degraded in a position under such a *canaille*. As I said in *Medievalism* I wish to God I could believe in Anglicanism, in order to live in clean surroundings. But no hand-

made temple can help me ever again. I have been too often in the kitchen to have much belief in the cookery.'

And with von Hügel's answer to this letter we will close this chapter:

'7th December 1908.

'I did not, Friend, take those rumours seriously, in the sense that I believed you intended to join, or that anyhow you would join, any other body. I only thought, from the great definiteness of R.'s report, that you might, very understandably, have said or written things that had been interpreted in that way. And I wanted you, anyhow, to know what R. thought, since I could see that he was not speaking simply for himself.

'You know how deeply I cared and care for your *Medievalism*, and how glad I was for the line you took there, as to the interpretableness of the V.¹ Decrees in the sense we wish. I think that if Rome to-morrow were to show any *real* spirit of breadth and conciliation, you would feel this actively again. And meanwhile, I cannot but myself persist in thinking still what you yourself there said so well, only a few months ago.

'I feel still that the reform of the Roman Church is *the* point for us whom Providence has made, or

¹ Vatican.

allowed to be born, members of that Church ; and that all the secessions, individual or corporate from it, have, whatever good they may (together, I think, with evil) have done to the seceders and to the bodies formed by or joined by them, but helped further to narrow the Church which they left.

‘The Benigni effusion is indeed *disgusting*, though hardly worse than what we have had, from that source, already. But surely, no human being with a grain of judgment can, for one moment, consider us to have any solidarity with *that*. Genocchi writes me word that if any one of the (in part intelligent and sympathetic) clerical book-sellers in Rome were to accept sale copies of my *M. E.* he would, within twenty-four hours, receive an order for instant withdrawal of them, from the Secretary of State, with the certainty of his business being crippled if he did not comply forthwith. And matters must stand even more acutely with you, who have so eloquently voiced the indignation of conscience against such methods.

‘I have been trying to see whether I really would prefer a man to be, or even to turn, an atheist than an Anglican ; or rather to find actions or words of mine which would show me that (whether I am fully aware of this sad want of justice and proportion or not) I really have this preference. I

have had to guess that perhaps you were thinking of my continuous intimacy with Loisy as contrasted with my aloofness from Fawkes. Yet this would, surely, not bear out such an interpretation, for I continue to trust, indeed to believe, that L. is, in these quite fundamental matters at all events, a believer; and I clearly see that were L. formally to leave the R.C. Church, and to join some Atheist body, I should mind this, *why of course*, out of all proportion more than I mind F.'s action. And such feeling is, I take it, quite compatible with a strong sense of the undesirableness, the pity, of secession even to the degree of F.'s, even though one wants to give him the full benefit of the presumption of, not only honest preference, but *conscientious compulsion*, and is so glad that friends who, in these matters, see so much further and more wisely than himself, are doing all to prevent any bitterness developing within him.

'And as to Faith, Friend—of course, I cannot and will not pose as though I knew you better than you know yourself. But of this I am sure (and I can be so without conceit, since any one, with fairly perceptive knowledge of character, could and would become sure of this, after a week's fairly close intercourse with you): You are a mystic: you have never found, you will never find, either Church, or Christ, or just simply God, or even the vaguest

spiritual presence and conviction, except in deep recollection, purification, quietness, intuition, love. Lose these and you could as soon doubt Him as you could deny that you have hands and feet. And your helping others, *any soul alive*, depends upon your keeping or regaining those convictions, hence these dispositions; not all the wit, vehemence, subtlety, criticisms, learning that you can muster (and *how great they are!*) will ever, without those, be other than ruinous to others as well as to yourself. And this is why—this, that you may be able to help and build up, and, in doing so, find happiness; and be saved from endless pulling down, and thus, finding the restless bitterness of an essential self-contradiction—that I so long for you to turn, to try and turn again to teaching, and hence to practising, that deep great spiritual life which is your one strength, joy and significance. “There is so much else to do that must be done first!” Stuff: we must all ever attend first and foremost to the elementary conditions for our own seeing of reality and our teaching it to others. Not all the Benignis, or even, for the matter of that, Matthews or Herzogs, or Fawkeses, the fighting or defending them, are worth the putting out of our own eyes.

‘Ever affectionate Friend,

‘FR. V. H.’

CHAPTER VIII

'THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT OF RELIGION'

THIS was, of course, the great work of von Hügel's life, and it had been a matter of interest between the two friends from the earliest period of their acquaintance. We have seen, in a previous chapter, discussions between them on certain points of mystical theology. Tyrrell was always very insistent on von Hügel setting anything else aside in order to the prosecution of this work. There are references in letters of his in 1901-2 and onwards. Von Hügel realized his own literary deficiencies, and looked to Tyrrell to help him in the final form of his book, and, in fact, Tyrrell devoted many hours to it.

On 15th December 1905 he wrote:

'I wonder am I really going to see your S. Catherine this Xmas? I shall probably be glad of some such occupation soon. Circumstances may easily make any acknowledgment of my co-operation undesirable; but I hope they need not interfere with the thing itself. I thought of making the book the theme of an unsigned article in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, if Fawkes can arrange it for

me. That would stimulate my critical faculties in going through the MS.'

To this von Hügel replied, 30th December 1905:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

'I have to thank you much for your last letter, and its most kind proposals. I have been long in answering, only because I am giving, as much as ever I can, all my strength to my book, which is still not ready, but is drawing nearer and nearer to that consummation. When you at last see it you will feel, I think, that I have indeed had to tunnel through many a hard rock stretch, many a hot spring, many a slushy land-slip. I am quite certain you must not see the first line of it till the last is typed, and you can compare head with snout, and any intermediate part with any other piece, at your leisure. Even now, I must not say when that will be, for I cannot: but the end is certainly nearer, much. I will not even bring up the hard, knotty points: I know as much as I can work out and off, for a time.

'I shall certainly continue to be most grateful for your reading it through, and giving me your criticisms—when it is ready for *that*. I feel sure that your dispositions and actions, as in the sight of God and of your own conscience, will remain as good as ever, will indeed become purer and

deeper as you go on. And only my losing the sense that this was so in your case, and not any external canonical vicissitudes taken in themselves, could change my hopes and wishes as to your share in my book. It is true that if very marked changes for the *canonical* worse occur, I shall have an *external*, practical perplexity. For it feels so horribly mean to let you have the trouble and give the valuable aid of such attentions, and to say nothing formal and by name of thanks, in the Preface to the book. And yet, it will have anyhow, probably, a good deal of suspicion or hostility to encounter, and to make such a declaration might just finish off its chances, with our people, even before it was well out. I should be grateful, should you be willing to waive that ordinary expression of gratitude (I do not think it would be of any value amongst our people to you), and to remain my unofficial but most real censor, if you would kindly not mention the matter (except of course, to M. D. P., who knows already) to others. I say this, because I have often noticed how considerably less reserved (and I think discreet) you and she are than I have, alas, had to school myself into being. Few people guess how much of self-repression there is about me: I think they simply notice, what I believe is the case, the *natural* openness and directness of the creature before them: a very different thing!'

In April 1906 Tyrrell wrote from Paris:

'I wonder, *could* you take your S. Catherine over here for a bit. It would be so much better if I could have a daily talk with you over the MSS. *facie ad faciem*. I *might possibly* go to London for the period; but there are many reasons why you should be here now; and some, why I should not be in London.'

But Tyrrell returned rather suddenly to England, and on 24th April 1906 von Hügel suggests a meeting in London, where Tyrrell might stay near by, and meet him daily in order to 'get through my St Catherine.'

On June 18th 1906 Tyrrell writes from Storrington:

'I reserve all my remaining intelligence for St Catherine, whom you will send me as soon as she is ready. I could have wished we might have discussed her *viva voce*; still there are some advantages of accuracy and brevity in the *littera scripta*.'

And on 28th June 1906, from France:

'Is S. Catherine coming? Not that I would hurry her toilette. It will be no harm if she waits for the storm to clear. There *must* be a lull, if not a reaction, with the death of Pius X.'

And to this we have von Hügel's reply on

13th August 1906, when, at last, the great work is placed in Tyrrell’s hands for his final co-operation.

‘Hindhead.

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘Only day before yesterday did I come to anchor in this lovely place, at last.

‘On my way from Cambridge, through Town, hither, I sent off—at last—my two vols. of S. Catherine to you, but I was doubly ashamed at sending her to you carriage unpaid—the agency clerk could not find your Vinon anywhere and so could not let me pay more than 1s. 6d.—insurance on the two—alas, very heavy—packets; and equally alas, I sent them off, without the very necessary Table of Contents. I now herewith send you the Table for Vol. I, hoping that it may assist you in finding your way about in this first half, containing Parts I and II. In three or four days’ time I hope to send you a similar Table for Vol. II, Part III of the whole work.

‘I feel downrightly guilty at sending you such a wheelbarrowful—almost as much as the entire remains of Tintagel Castle—when you must be extra weary and badly wanting a rest from literary toil. I can but plead that I did not time the thing like this, and would gladly have saved you the trouble had I known how. But, indeed, I know

no one who combines, to anything like the extent to which you do so, a knowledge of and interest in the subject-matters here discussed, the methods here applied, the ideals aimed at, and—I know and appreciate this particularly—the weaknesses and limits of the workman at work here. I shall be particularly glad if you will kindly *not* give me any opinion or impression until you have read the whole, or at least, Vol. I. I so much want it to be taken as a whole, and each part only as a part of that whole. I shall also be most grateful if you will kindly attend especially to four things where I feel myself most likely to have failed: serious, avoidable, literal *repetitions* (the book is deliberately planned in a way which renders much apparent or approximate repetition simply inevitable—a shadow of the *Wiederholung* which is part of the very salt and training of actual life); *inconsistencies* (note that my taking the psycho-physical mechanisms in Vol. II as *effects* of the mind, as against Vol. I where they are predominantly treated as independent of it and occasions for it, is not such a real inconsistency, for I intend the former to be the ultimate truth); *obscurities* (I fear these much, but am a bad judge in the matter, I am sure), and, finally, *unnecessary or insufficiently advantageous boldnesses and novelties* (I do not include among these my general assumptions and treatment of and con-

cerning Scripture, or such other omnipresent first principles, nor the positions as to God Himself being present and operative in the soul, as to Hell-Fire being symbolic, and the three after-life “places” being states; but I wonder whether my positions as to original sin and the Personality of evil are worth taking up, in the way and degree in which I have done so—but it would, I think, be difficult to leave these points out altogether).

‘How ashamed I feel at having to talk on like this about my literary affairs—with your great momentous step just taken and all we your friends—I think very specially I your close, very close friend—full of sympathy, righteous anger, sorrow and trust with and for you.’

On 3rd September Tyrrell writes from Boutre, where he was staying with Bremond:

‘Please do not delay Part II of Index under the delusion that I am following your prescription. S. Catherine has been getting her six solid hours a day for nine days, and I hope she will be able to start home by the time you mention. The Index is a great help, and so I want to be ready to start Vol. II with that help.’

On 11th and 12th September 1906 von Hügel sent various notes and emendations of which Tyrrell was to take count.

On 20th September 1906 Tyrrell wrote :

‘I had got on far with Vol. II before your Index came ; but it was useful as proving that I had gripped the hang of your thought. I trust soon, before we leave this (October) to return the MSS. with my poor attempts at comment and suggestion. I know you will not take them too seriously—*discipulus non est super magistrum suum*. I feel it would take me a year of study to form a really competent judgment on a work of such depth and subtlety. I can only speak for the *prima facie* impression on the ordinary intelligent reader. Most of the addenda of your letter had been already made by your own hand ; or by the typist ; and a few by myself.’

And again on 3rd October 1906 :

‘S. Catherine should arrive at V. G.¹ in a few days. She has gone by parcel post, registered. Ask them to let me have a p.c. My feeble notes are packed in with the Index—you will take them with many grains of salt.’

On 17th October 1906 we have the following letter from von Hügel :

‘You will, I hope, have had my letter, addressed to Vinon, in which I acknowledged receipt of the

¹ Vicarage Gate—the baron’s house.

St C. MS. But I write this to make doubly sure. Your suggestions are proving most valuable, and I am carrying out all the *formal* and *sequence* changes at once. All except the transposition of the doctrine to after the other biographies, for I meant these latter to illustrate and even show the influence of that doctrine: and how can I do so, if I were to put the partial cause after the effect?

‘Matters of doctrine or effect shall be considered whilst the other copy of the MS. is being studied by Macmillan’s reader.’

In the following year we have a letter from von Hügel, dated 25th March 1907, in which he says:

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘There are four sets of things that I want to say. (1) I have now finished all my *précis*-work on both volumes, and am getting the Table Contents of Vol. II typed. I begin the Preface to-day, and when *that* is done, I shall have finished—up to such changes as may be required by the publisher’s reader or in passing through press. I want, then, at this mile-stone in my long journey, to thank you, once more, most gratefully, for all you have done in the matter—a toilsome bit of help, by which I have profited greatly. Every one of your critiques has been considered; all the large proposals for rearrangement, and the small stylistic

criticisms have been accepted; and the intermediate proposals are not being forgotten. When my Preface is typed, before or by end of the week, I hope, you shall see it, unless my ever small health makes the thing a quite insignificant, dry little affair. Poor little creatures that we are!'

After the publication of the great work von Hügel writes to thank his friend for his review in the *Nation*.

' 22nd December 1908.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'This, in the midst of toil and grind, to thank you much, from all our scattered group, if I may voice their feelings, for your brave, very opportune "the Papacy and the Euch." paper in the *Guardian* (a pity only that they have been so long in putting it in); and to say how grateful and pleased I am over your review of *M. E.* in the *Nation*, just received. I see and feel that you are certainly right in your criticisms of my style, etc.; *perhaps* also as to St C.'s slightness for the purposes to which she is put in the book. I must not judge your praise; I can only hope that some of it may be deserved. I trust it isn't vanity or conceit to let you see the enclosed from M. Boutroux (please return); it has greatly cheered me, because he, a pure Frenchman, does not seem to

have felt me talking to him through some thick fog or curtain, which is what most people, even of those who find me of use, feel about my writing, if not my talk. I also send Delehaye, because it shows him and his group in such a winning mood, I think.'

To this Tyrrell replied, 28th December 1908:

'MY BEST OF FRIENDS,

'I have been too busy writing about you to write to you. Short notices are easy enough, but you are the devil to review in anything shorter than the work itself. You mustn't growl if you are squeezed a little out of shape in the attempt to fit you into the ordinary brain. As to your "style," I thought it was wise to drag it in, in order to prevent stylists from exaggerating its importance. When you *speak* you are clear as crystal; but that is because there is the commentary of gesture, tone, and facial expression. I feel sure your writing is accompanied by all that comment; only you forget it does not appear on the paper. Buy a phonocinematograph, and let us have the records.'

Here ends the story of one of the happiest episodes of this long friendship. George Tyrrell thus took a part—not wholly negligible—in the final construction of the work for which von Hügel's name will ever, and chiefly, live. There is, of

course, no trace of his work, other than in these letters, as I do not suppose that the original notes were preserved. But to those of us who cared for both men it is gratifying to look back on one of the last phases in their relations, wherein all differences can be forgotten, and only their fundamental spiritual sympathy is evident.

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

As early as 13th August 1906,¹ von Hügel had written to his friend:

‘I am very anxious, for my own poor soul’s sake, not myself ever to do more than indicate the substance of my rights; all the rest shall ever be cheerfully given towards healing wounds and getting myself tolerated by those who are my brethren after all.’

And he once said to me, at a later date, that no writing or book was worthy of such a sacrifice as that of the sacraments of the Church.

And yet we have, in strange contrast, a letter to Tyrrell on 2nd December 1907 in reference to the withdrawal of certain members of the *Rinnovamento* group.

‘Here, my dearest friend, two characteristic letters; from A (strong and to the point) and B (weak in a central matter, at all events). Have at once answered latter, that we feel that *now*, when he has thus freed himself from what he cannot follow up and out, he considers himself doubly

¹ P.S. to letter quoted above.

bound to prevent Rome imagining that this is a first step towards simple submission or towards publicly criticizing his old friends. That provided he eliminates any hope or suspicion of such things, it may be better for us all, himself first and foremost, that he should thus act, although I fail to see when Our Lord quailed even before excommunication; or the logic of starting *Rinn.*, and then abandoning it under the infallibly certain occurrence of Roman opposition; or how ever we are to break through, in this way, the steelen ring that is throttling life and truth in the Church. We leave early to-morrow morning.'

It is not easy to reconcile both these attitudes, and yet those of us who knew von Hügel well, and appreciated his friendship, cannot pass over the question with a mere shrug of surprise. Nor is it necessary to be generous in judgment in order to explain certain contradictions, for those of us who shared that religious crisis along with him and Father Tyrrell know too well the nature of the conflict through which both of them passed.

It was a strange fact that, as I have already remarked, von Hügel does not seem to have realized, as did his friend, the possible outcome of a movement in which such different minds and characters were at work; in which problems were being tackled of which the ultimate solution could

not be foreseen. Von Hügel was rather like a chess-player, calculating the best moves of the moment, and endeavouring to direct his pieces with an eye to safety as well as victory. But his pieces were alive and restive, and would not move according to plan.

He was, of course, deeply grieved by the total defection of some of those he loved from the cause for which he had drawn them together from all parts of the world. He was quite determined that nothing should make him abandon that cause, and he was prepared to pay the price for toleration, and peaceful continuance in the Church. And this, not only for his own sake, but also for the sake of his family. I think that Tyrrell's death was, in many ways, a relief to him. The latter had become a dangerous friend, and he was torn between the claims of friendship and the needs of his own religious life and work and safety. He attended the death-bed of his friend; he attended his funeral, though he would, I think, have been glad not to do the latter; he took part in the letter to *The Times* which, he partly foresaw, roused the difficulty as to the funeral. But afterwards he must have experienced a certain sense of liberation from a compromising association. For von Hügel never really abandoned a single one of his friends, however much he may have discriminated in his judgment of them.

It was not granted to his friend to pass into calm

waters before his end. He did not enjoy the peace of evening, when the tumults of the day fall into their right proportion. And, at the risk of tiresome reiteration, I will say again, that he was lacking in that self-care which was an essential element in the character of his friend.

To the end he venerated von Hügel, though he realized a certain weakness in him, and was sometimes pained by his discriminating caution in his regard. I think the affection was much stronger on his side than on that of von Hügel. Yet I think too that, though he never said it, he realized that von Hügel had some part in the tragedy of his own life.

But Tyrrell belonged to the tragic order of mankind; to the order of those who pursue a kind of fate without regard to consequences; who walk forward knowing that the outcome may be their own loss and failure. Tyrrell accepted the possibility of failure, with all it might entail. Thus he wrote on 7th April 1909:

‘While I myself still believe in the strictly Modernist position; in the scheme of leavening the Church by remaining in her in spite of herself, I have perhaps less hope and faith than you in the success of the scheme. But against that, I hold first of all that a right course should be followed sometimes in the face of *certain* failure; that though we know an evil to be inevitable we should take

care that we at least did our best to prevent it. Then I feel that if the Roman Church cannot be reformed she will be a standing menace to civilization and *religion*; that those who leave her pale are really helping what is evil in her to consolidate and organize itself—a process which their presence hinders; that, therefore, if Babylon is incurable the “modernizing” effort is the surest and solidest way to destroy her, and to save as many as possible from the wreck before the ship founders. Not that I yet accept this pessimism; but that I should not abandon the Church even if I did. If there is a new religion coming, it is well below the horizon; and our guesses at its shape and form are idle. These premature attempts to hook it from the womb of Time will only procure grotesque and short-lived abortions. Modernism, i.e. the reformation of existing forms of Christianity, is the best way to prepare for it. I question whether there ever has been a ‘new’ religion—one that was not a refashioning of the old. Christianity is only a reform of Judaism; Catholicism, a reform of paganism by an infusion of Christianized Judaism. Not if Dom Murri were crucified and raised from the dead could his religion live except as grafted on Catholicism. That, by the way.

On the other hand, I must leave others the liberty of their opinion. There are but few Burkes

and De Tocquevilles in the world; many Fawkeses and Buonaiutis. But few of our apparent allies have really grasped or believed in the Modernist position. They are mostly of the school of Campbell or Sir Oliver Lodge. They do not believe that modernity has anything to learn from the Church, but only that the Church has everything to learn from modernity. As a matter of fact, whether we like it or not, they *will* go out. We have to face that fact and make the best of it. What I call the 'doorstep' programme—which is my own—might be advisable for individuals of heroic personality. I cannot say I have found it spiritually beneficial in my own case; nor could I ever conscientiously advise it to any ordinary mortal.'

They are the words of one who never asked for the bitter dose to be sweetened; who, almost savagely, rejected any deceptive consolation; who resolutely faced all that might be worst in what was to come. They are the words of one who suffered, and who did not suffer meekly. But to suffer is to care, and, to the end, he cared for the cause to which he had devoted his life from the early days in London.

'He will not let me die without the sacraments'; this was one of his last words to me, in which he referred to a friend who was to help him.

In these pages I have endeavoured, from their own words, to picture the relationship of these two men. It seems to me indubitable that Tyrrell's life was more affected than that of von Hügel by that relationship. What course it might have followed without von Hügel it is impossible to say. I return to my old dictum—the one was of the stuff of the saint, the other of the martyr.

Both were brought into contact with problems too far-reaching to be solved in the course of one life. Both worked for the Church, yet she looked with suspicion on the one, with disapproval on the other. But from some of the saints we may gather a message of hope, from those who 'going went and wept, casting their seeds,' but came 'with joyfulness carrying their sheaves.'

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